A

COLLECTION.

OF

CHOICE SONGS.

She ſung——the youth attention gave,
And charms on charms eſpies:
Then all in raptures falls a ſlave,
Both to her voice and eyes.

VOLUME II.

TO CLARINDA.

A SONG.

Tune, *I wiſh my love were in a mire.*

BLESS'D as the th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly ſits by thee,
And hears and ſees the all the while
Softly ſpeak, and ſweetly ſmile, &c.
So ſpoke and ſmil'd the earneſt maid;
Like thine, ſeraphic were her charms,
That in Circaſia's vineyards ſtray'd,
And bleſs'd the wiſeſt monarch's arms.

A thouſand fair of high deſert,
Strave to enchant the amorous king;
But the Circaſian gain'd his heart,
And taught the royal bard to ſing,
Clarinda thus our ſang inſpires,
And claims the ſmooth and Higheſt lays,
But while each charm our boſom fires,
Words ſeem too few to ſound her praiſe.

Her mind in ev'ry grace complete,
To paint ſurpaſſes human ſkill;
Her majeſty mix'd with the ſweet,
Let ſeraphs ſing her if they will.
Whilſt wond'ring with a raviſh'd eye,
We all that's perfect in our view.
Viewing a ſiſter of the ſky,
To whom an adoration's due.

SONG.

Tune, *Lochaber no more.*

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartſome with thee I've mony day been,
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.
Theſe tears that I ſhed they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir,
Tho' bore on rough ſeas to a far bloody ſhore,
May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes riſe, and raiſe ev'ry wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempeſt like that in my mind.
Tho' loudeſt of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the ſhore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is ſore pain'd,
By eaſe that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd.
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I muſt deſerve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuſe,
Since honour commands me how can I refuſe?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my laſs, to win honour and fame,
And if I ſhould luck to come glorioufly hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

The auld Goodman.

LATE in an ev'ning forth I went,
A little before the ſun gae'd down,
And there I chanc'd by accident,
To light on a battle new begun.
A man and his wife was fa'n in a ſtrife,
I canna well tell you how it begun.
But ay ſhe wail'd her wretched life,
And cry'd ever, alake, my auld goodman.

HE.

Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,
The country kens where he was born,
Was but a ſilly poor vagabond,
And ilka ane leugh him to ſcorn:
For he did ſpend and make an end,
Of gear that his forefathers wan,
He gart the poor ſtand frae the door,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

My heart alake, is liken to break,
When I think on my winſome John,
His blinkin eye, and gate ſae free,
Was naething like thee, thou doſen'd drone
His roſie face, and flaxen hair,
And a ſkin as white as ony ſwan,
Was large and tall, and comely withal,
And thou'lt never be like my auld goodman.

HE.

Why doſt thou pleen? I thee maintain,
For meal and mawt thou diſna want;
But thy wild bees I canna pleaſe,
Now when our gear 'gins to grow ſcant.

Of houſhold ſtuff thou haſt enough,
Thou wants for neither pot nor pan;
Of ſiklike ware he left thee bare,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

Yes, I may tell, and fret myſell,
To think on theſe blyth days I had,
When he and I together lay
In arms into a well made bed;
But now I ſigh and may be ſad,
Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
Thou falds thy feet, and fa's aſleep,
And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld goodman.

Then coming was the night ſae dark,
And gane was a' the light o' day;
The carl was fear'd to miſs his mark,
And therefore wad nae langer ſtay;
Then up he gat, and he ran his way,
I trow the wife the day ſhe wan,
And ay the o'er word of the fray
Was ever, Alake my auld goodman.

SONG.

Tune, *Valiant Jocky.*

On a beautiful, but very young lady.

Beauty from fancy takes its arms,
And every common face ſome breaſt may move,
Some in a look or air find charms,
To juſtify their choice or boaſt their love.
But had the great Apelles ſeen that face'
When he the Cyprian goddeſs drew,

He had neglected all the female race,
Thrown his first Venus by, and copied you.
In that design,
Great nature would combine
To fix the standard of her sacred coin;
The charming figure had enhanc'd his fame,
And shrines been rais'd to Seraphina's name.

II.

But since no painter ere could take
That face which baffles all his curious art;
And he that strives the bold attempt to make,
As well might paint the secrets of the heart.
O happy glass, I'll thee prefer.
Content to be, like thee inanimate,
Since only to be gaz'd on thus by her,
A better life and motion would create.
Her eyes would inspire,
And like Prometheus's fire,
At once inform the piece and give desire
The charming phanton I would grasp and fly
O'er all the orb, though in that moment die.

III.

Let meaner beauties fear the day,
Whose charms are fading, and submit to time;
The graces which from them it steals away,
It with a lavish hand still adds to thine.
The god of love in ambush lies,
And with his arms surrounds the fair,
He points his conquering arrows in these eyes,
Then hangs a sharpen'd dart at ev'ry hair,
As with fatal skill,
Turn which way you will,
Like Eden's flaming sword each way you kill;
So rip'ning years improve rich natures store,
And gives perfection to the golden ore.

Laſs with a Lump of land.

Gi'ẽ me a laſs with a lump of land,
And we for life ſhall gang the gither,
Though daft or wiſe, I'll never demand,
Or black or fair, it makſna whether.
I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade.
And bloom alane is na worth aſhilling;
But ſhe that's rich, her market's made,
For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a laſs with a lump of land,
And in my boſom I'll hug my treaſure;
Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,
Should love turn douf, it will find pleaſure.
Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
I hate with poortiſh, though bonny, to meddle,
Unleſs they bring caſh, or a lump of land,
Theyſe never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,
And ſiller and gowd's a ſweet complexion;
But beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,
Have tint the art of gaining affection:
Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
And caſtles, and riggs, and muirs, and meadows,
And naithing can catch our modern ſparks,
But well-tocher'd laſſes, or jointur'd widows.

The ſhepherd Adonis.

I.

The ſhepherd Adonis
Being weary'd with ſport,
He, for a retirement,
To the woods did reſort;
He threw by his club
And he laid himſelf down;
He envy'd no monarch,
Nor wiſh'd for a crown.

II.

He drank of the burn,
And he ate frae the tree,
Himſelf he enjoy'd,
And frae trouble was free.
He wiſh'd for no nymph,
Tho' never ſae fair,
Had nae love nor ambition;
And therefore no care.

III.

But as he lay thus
In an ev'ning ſae clear
A heav'nly ſweet voice
Sounded ſaft in his ear;
Which came frae a ſhady
Green neighbouring grove,
Where bonny Amynta
Sat ſinging of love.

IV.

He wander'd that way,
And found wha was there;
He was quite confounded
To ſee her ſae fair:
He ſtood like a ſtatute,
Not a foot cou'd he move,
Nor knew he what griev'd him;
But he fear'd it was love.

V.

The nymph ſhe beheld him
With a kind modeſt grace,
Seeing ſomething that pleas'd her
Appear in his face,
With bluſhing a little,
She to him ſay,
Oh ſhepherd what want ye,
How came you this way?

VI.

His ſpirits reviving,
He to her reply'd,
I was ne'er ſae ſurpris'd
At the ſight of a maid;
Until I beheld thee,
From love I was free;
But now I'm ta'en captive,
My faireſt, by thee.

THE COMPLAINT.

To B. I. G.

Tune, *When abſent*, &c.

When abſent from the nymph I love,
I'd fain ſhake off the chains I wear;
But whilſt I ſtrive theſe to remove,
More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.
My captiv'd fancy day and night
Fairer and fairer repreſents
Belinda form'd for dear delight,
But cruel cauſe of my complaints.

All day I wander through the groves,
And ſighing hear from ev'ry tree
The happy birds chirping their loves,
Happy, compar'd with lonely me.
When gentle ſleep with balmy wings
To reſt fans ev'ry weary'd wight,
A thouſand fears my fancy brings,
That keep me watching all the night.

Sleep flies, while like the goddeſs fair,
And all the graces in her train,
With melting ſmiles and killing air
Appears the cauſe of all my pain.
And while my mind delighted flies
O'er all her ſweets with thirling joy

Whilſt want of worth makes doubts ariſe,
That all my trembling hopes deſtroy.
Thus while my thoughts are fix'd on her
I'm all o'er tranſport and deſire;
My pulſe beats high, my cheek appears
All roſes, and mine eyes all fire.
When to myſelf I turn my view,
My veins grow chill, my cheeks look wan:
Thus whilſt my fears my pains renew,
I ſcarcely look or move a man.

The young laſs contra auld Man.

The carl he came o'er the croſt,
And his beard new ſhaven,
He look'd at me, as he'd been daft,
The carl trows that I wad hae him.
Howt awa, I winna hae him!
Na, forſooth I winna hae him!
For a' his beard new ſhav'n,
Ne'er a bit will I hae him.

A ſiller broach he gae me nieſt,
To faſten on my curchea nooked,
I wor'd a wee upon my breaſt,
But ſoon, alake! the tongue o't crooked;
Aud ſae may his, I winna hae him,
Na, forſooth, I winna hae him,
Ane twice a bairn's a laſſes's jeſt;
Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

The carl has na fault but ane;
For he has land and dollars plenty;
But wae's me for him ſkin and bane
Is no for a plump laſs of twenty.
Howt awa, I winna hae him,
Na, forſooth, I winna hae him,
What ſignifies his dirty riggs,
And caſh without a man with them.

But ſhou'd my cankard dady gar
Me tak him 'gainſt my inclination,
I warn the ſumbler to beware,
That antlers dinna claim their ſtation,
Howt awa, I winna hae him!
Na, forſooth, I winna hae him!
I'm flee'd to crack the haly band,
Sae lawty ſays, I ſhou'd na hae him.

VIRTUE and WIT.
The Preſervatives of Love and Beauty.

Tune, *Killikranky*.

HE.

CONFESS thy love, fair bluſhing maid,
For ſince thine eyes conſenting
Thy faſter thoughts are a' betray'd,
And na ſays no worth tenting.
Why aims thou to oppoſe thy mind,
With words thy wiſh denying?
Since nature made thee to be kind,
Reaſon allows complying.

Nature and reaſon's joint conſent
Make love a ſacred bleſſing,
Then happily that time is ſpent,
That's war'd on kind careſſing.
Come then my Katie, to my arms,
I'll be nae mair a rover;
But find out heav'n in a' thy charms,
And prove a faithful lover.

SHE.

What you deſign by nature's law,
Is fleeting inclination,
That Willy Wiſp bewilds us a'
By its inſatuation.
When that goes out, careſſes tire,
And love's na mair in ſeaſon,
Syne weakly we blow up the fire,
With all our boaſted reaſon.

HE.

The beauties of inferior caſt
  May ſtart this juſt reflection;
But charms like thine maun always laſt,
  Where wit has the protection.
Virtue and wit, like April rays,
  Make beauty riſe the ſweeter;
The langer then on thee I gaze,
  My love will grow completer.

SONG.

Tune, *The happy clown,*

IT was the charming month of May,
When all the flow'rs were freſh and gay'
One morning by the break of day,
  Sweet Chloe chaſte and fair;
From peaceful ſlumber ſhe aroſe,
Girt on her mantle and her hoſe,
And o'er the flow'ry mead ſhe goes,
  To breath a purer air.

Her looks ſo ſweet, ſo gay her mein,
Her handſome ſhape, and dreſs ſo clean,
She look'd all o'er like beauty's queen,
  Dreſt in her beſt array,
The gentle winds, and purling ſtream,
Aſſay'd to whiſper Chloe's name,
The ſavage beaſts, till then near tame,
  Wild adoration pay.

The feather'd people, one might ſee,
Perch'd all round her on a tree;
With notes of ſweeteſt melody
  They act a chearful part.
The dull ſlaves on the toilſome plow,
Their wearied necks and knees do bow,
A glad ſubjection there they vow
  To pay with all their heart.

The bleating flocks that then came by,
Soon as the charming nymph they ſpy,
They leave their hoarſe and rueful cry,
And dance around the brooks.
The woods are glad the meadows ſmile,
And Forth, that foam'd and roar'd erewhile
Glides camly down and ſmooth as oil,
Thro' all its winding crooks.

The finny ſquadrons are content
To leave their wat'ry element,
In glazie numbers down the bent,
They flutter all along.
The inſects and each creeping thing,
Join'd to make up the rural ring;
All friſk and dance, if ſhe but ſing,
And make a jovial throng.

Kind Phœbus now began to riſe,
And paint with read the caſtren ſkies.
Struck with the glory of her eyes,
He ſhrinks behind a cloud.
Her mantle on a bough ſhe lays,
And all her glory ſhe diſplays
She left all nature in amaze,
And And ſkipp'd into the wood.

[Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament.

Balow, my boy, lie ſtill and ſleep,
It grieves me ſore to hear thee weep;
If thou'lt be ſilent I'll be glad,
Thy mourning makes my heart full ſad.
Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father bred me great annoy.]
Balow my boy, lie ſtill and ſleep,
It grieves me ſore to hear thee weep.

Balow, my darling, ſleep a while,
And when thou wak'ſt, then ſweetly ſmile;
But ſmile not as thy father did,
To cozen maids, nay, God forbid;
For in thine eye his look I ſee,
The tempting look that ruin'd me.
Balow my boy, &c.

When he began to court my love,
And with his ſugar'd words to move,
His tempting face and flat'ring chear,
In time to me did not appear;
But now I ſee that cruel he
Cares neither for his babe nor me.
Balow my boy, &c.

Farewel, farewel, thou falſeſt youth
That ever kiſs'd a woman's mouth;
Let never any after me
Submit unto thy courteſy:
For if they do, O! cruel thou
Wilt her abuſe, and care not how.
Balow my boy, &c.

I was too cred'lous at the firſt,
To yield thee all a maiden durſt;
Thou ſwore forever true to prove,
Thy faith unchang'd unchang'd thy love;
But quick as thought the change is wrought
Thy love's no more, thy promiſe nought.
Balow my boy, &c.

I wiſh I were a maid again,
From young men's flattery I'd reſrain;
For now, unto my grief, I find
They all are perjur'd and unkind;
Bewitching charms bred all my harms,
Witneſs my babe lies in my arms.
Balow my boy, &c.

I take my fate from bad to worſe,
That I muſt needs be now a nurſe,
And lull my young ſon on my lap;
From me, ſweet orphan take the pap,
Balow, my child thy mother mild
Shall wail, as from all bliſs exil'd.
Balow my boy, &c.

Balow, my Boy, weep not for me,
Whoſe greateſt grief's for wronging thee,
Nor pity her deſerved ſmart,
Who can blame none but her fond heart;
For too ſoon truſting lateſt finds,
With faireſt tongues are falſeſt minds.
Balow my boy, &c.

Balow my boy, thy father's fled,
When he the thriftleſs ſon has play'd:
Of vows and oaths forgetful, he
Prefer'd the wars to thee and me
But now, perhaps, thy curſe and mine
Make him eat acorns with the ſwine.
Balow my boy, &c.

But curſe not him; perhaps now he,
Stung with remorſe, is bleſſing thee;
Perhaps at death: for who can tell
Whether the judge of heaven or hell,
By ſome proud foe has ſtruck the blow,
And laid the dear deceiver low.
Balow my boy, &c.

I wiſh I were into the bounds
Where he lies ſmother'd in his wounds,
Repeating, as he pants for air,
My name, whom once he call'd his fair.
No woman's yet ſo fiercely ſet,
But ſhe'll forgive, tho' not forget.
Balow my boy, &c.

If linnen lacks, for my love's ſake,
Then quickly to him would I make,
My ſmoke once for his body meet,
And wrap him in that winding ſheet.
Ah me! how happy had I been,
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.
Balow my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee;
Too ſoon, alake, thou'lt weep for me:
Thy griefs are growing to a ſum,
God grant thee patience when they come
Born to ſuſtain thy mother's ſhame,
A hapleſs fate, a baſtard's name.
Balow, my joy, lie ſtill and ſleep,
It grieves me ſore to hear thee weep.

SONG.

She raiſe and loot me in.

The night her ſilent ſable wore
And gloomy were the ſkies;
Of glitt'ring ſtars appear'd no more
Than thoſe in Nelly's eyes.
When at her father's yate I knock'd,
Where I had often been,
She, ſhrouded only with her ſmock,
Aroſe and loot me in.

Faſt lock'd within her cloſe embrace,
She trembling ſtood aſham'd;
Her ſwelling breaſt and glowing face,
And ev'ry touch enflam'd.
My eager paſſion I obey'd,
Reſolv'd the ſort to win;
And her fond heart was ſoon betray'd
To yield and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expreſſing,
Tranſporting was the joy;
I knew no greater bleſſing,
So bleſt a man was I.
And ſhe, all raviſh'd with delight,
Bid me oft come again,
And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry night
She'd riſe and let me in.

But ah! at laſt ſhe prov'd with bairn,
And ſighing ſat and dull,
And I that was as much concern'd,
Look'd e'n juſt like a fool.
Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
Repenting her raſh ſin:
She ſigh'd and curs'd the fatal hour
That e'er ſhe loot me in.

But who cou'd cruelly deceive,
Or from ſuch beauty part?
I lov'd her ſo, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart;
But wedded and conceal'd our crime:
Thus all was well again,
And now ſhe thanks the happy time
That e'er ſhe loot me in.

SONG.

If love's a ſweet paſſion.

If love's a ſweet paſſion, why does it torment?
If a bitter, O tell me whence comes my complaint?
Since I ſuffer with pleaſure, why ſhould I complain,
Or grieve at my fate, ſince I know 'tis in vain?
Yet ſo pleaſing the pain is, ſo faſt is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart.

I graſp her hands gently, look languiſhing down,
And, by paſſionate ſilence, I make my love known:

But oh! how I'm bleſs'd when ſo kind ſhe does prove,
By ſome willing miſtake to diſcover her love;
Then in ſtriving to hide, ſhe reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name
How pleaſing is beauty! how ſweet are the charms!
How delightful embraces! how peaceful her arms!
Sure there's nothing ſo eaſy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:
And to beauty's bright ſtandard all heroes muſt yeild
For 'tis beauty that conquers, and wins the fair field.

JOHN OCHILTREE.

Honest man, John Ochiltree;
Mine ain auld John Ochiltree,
Wilt thou come o'er the moor to me,
And dance as thou was wont to do.
Alake, alake, I wont to do!
Ohon, ohon, I wont to do!
Now wont to do's awa' frae me,
Frae ſilly auld John Ochiltree.
Honeſt man, John Ochiltree;
Mine ain auld John Ochiltree;
Come anes out our the moor to me,
And do but what thou dow to do.
Alake, alake! I dow to do!
Walaways, I dow to do!
To whoſt and hirple o'er my tree,
My bonny moor-powt, is a' I may do.
Walaways John Ochiltree,
For mony a time I tell'd to thee,
Thou rade ſae faſt by ſea and land,
And wadna keep a bridle hand,
Thou'd tine the beaſt, thyſell wad die,
My ſilly auld Ochiltree.
Come to my arms my bonny thing,
And chear me up to hear thee ſing;
And tell me o'er a' we hae dane,
For thoughts maun now my life ſuſtain.

Gae thy ways John Ochiltree:
Hae done it has nae ſa'r wi' me,
I'll ſet the beaſt in throw the land.
She'll may be ſa' in a better hand,
Even ſit thou there, and drink thy fill,
For I'll do as I wont to do ſtill.

SONG.

Tune, *Jenny beguil'd the webſter.*

The auld Chorus.

Up ſtairs down ſtairs,
Timber ſtairs fear me,
I'm laith to lv a night my lane,
And Johny's bed's ſae near me.

O Mither dear I 'gin to fear,
Tho' I'm baith good and bonny,
I winna keep; for in my ſleep
I ſtart and dream of Jonny.
When Jonny then comes down the glen
to woo me dinna hinder;
But with content gi'e your conſent,
For we twa ne'er can finder.

Better to marry than miſcarry,
For ſhame and ſkaith's the clink o't;
To thole the dool, to mount the ſtool,
I downa bide to think o't;
Sae while it's time, I'll ſhun the crime
that gars poor Epps gae whinging,
With haunches ſow, and een ſae blue,
to a' the bedrals binging.

Had Eppy's apron bidden down,
the kirk had ne'er a kend it;
But when the word's gane thro' the town
Alake, how can ſhe mend it?

Now Tam maun face the miniſter,
And ſhe maun mount the pillar;
And that's the way that they maun gae,
For poor folk has nae ſiller.

Now had your tongue my daughter young,
Replied the kindly mither,
Get Jonny's hand in Haly band,
Syne wap your wealth together,
I'm o' the mind if he be kind,
Ye'll do your part diſcreetly;
And prove a wife will gar his liſe
And barrel run right ſweetly.

SONG.

Tune, *Wat ye wha I met yeſtreen.*

Or all the birds whoſe tuneful throats
Do welcome in the verdant ſpring,
I far prefer the Stirling's notes,
And think ſhe does moſt ſweetly ſing.
Nor thruſh, nor linnet, nor the bird
Brought from the far Canary coaſt,
Nor can the nightingale afford,
Such melody as ſhe can boaſt

When Phœbus ſouthward darts his fires,
And on our plains he looks aſkance,
The nightingale with him retires,
My Stirling makes my blood to dance.
In ſpite of Hyem's nipping froſt.
Whether the day be dark or clear,
Shall I not to her health entoaſt,
Who makes it ſummer all the year?

Then by thyſelf; my lovely bird,
I'll ſtroke thy back, and kiſs thy breaſt;

And if you'll take my honeſt word,
As ſacred as before the prieſt,
I'll bring thee where I will deviſe
Such various ways to pleaſure thee,
The velvet ſog thou wilt deſpiſe.
When on the *downy hills with me.*

SONG.

To its own Tune.

In January laſt,
On Munanday at morn
As thro' the fields I paſt,
To view the winter corn,
I looked me behind,
And ſaw come o'er the know,
And glancing in her apron,
With a bonny brent brow.

I ſaid, Good-morrow, fair maid;
And ſhe right court'ouſly
Return'd a beck, and kindly ſaid,
Good day, Sweet Sir to you.
I ſpear'd, My dear, how far awa
Do ye intend to gae?
Quoth ſhe, I mean a mile or twa
Out o'er yon broomy brae.

He.

Fair maid I'm thankfu' to my fate,
To have ſic company;
For I am ganging ſtraight that gate,
Where ye intend to be.
When we had gane a mile or twain,
I ſaid to her, My dow,
May we not lean us on this plain,
And kiſs your bonny mou?

SHE.

Kind Sir, ye are a wee miſtane;
For I am nane of theſe,
I hope ye ſome mair breeding ken,
Than to ruſle womens claiſe;
For may be I have choſen ane,
And plighted him my vow,
Wha may do wi' me what he likes,
And kiſs my bonny mou.'

HE.

Na, if ye are contracted,
I hae nae mair to ſay:
Rather than be rejected,
I will gié o'er the play;
And chuſe anither will reſpect
My love and on me rew;
And let me claſp her round the neck
And kiſs her bonny mou'.

SHE.

O Sir ye are proud hearted,
And laith to be ſaid nay,
Elſe ye wad ne'er a ſtarted
For ought that I did ſay;
For women in their modeſty,
At firſt they winna bow;
But if we like your company,
We'll prove as kind as you.

SONG.

Tune, *I'll never leave thee.*

One day I heard Mary ſay,
How ſhall I leave thee?
Stay deareſt Adonis, ſtay,
Why wilt thou grieve me?

Alas my fond heart will break,
If thou ſhould leave me.
I'll live and die for thy ſake;
Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, ſay,
Has Mary deceiv'd thee?
Did e'er her young heart betray
New love that has griev'd thee,
My conſtant mind ne'er ſhall ſtray,
Thou may believe me.
I'll love thee, lad night and day,
And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
What can relieve thee?
Can Mary thy anguiſh ſooth!
This breaſt ſhall receive thee.
My paſſion can ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee:
Delight ſhall drive pain away,
Pleaſure revive thee

But leave thee, leave thee lad,
How ſhall I leave thee?
O! that thought makes me ſad,
I'll never leave thee.
Where would my Adonis fly?
Why does he grieve me?
Alas my poor heart will die,
If I ſhould leave thee.

Sleepy Body, drowſy Body.

SOMNOLENTE. quæſo repente
Vigila. vive. me tange.
Somnolente. quæſa. repente
Vigila, vive, me tange,

Cum me ambiebas,
Videre ſolebas
Amoris negotiis aptus;
At factus maritus,
In lecto ſopitus,
Somno es, haud amore, tu captus.

O ſleepy body,
And drowſy body,
Wiltuna waken, and turn thee:
To drivel and draunt,
While I ſigh and gaunt,
Gives me good reaſon to ſcorn thee.

When thou ſhouldſt be kind,
Thou turns ſleepy and blind,
And ſnoters and ſnores far frae me.
Wae light on thy face,
Thy drowſy embrace
Is enough to gar me betray thee.

General Lesly's March to Longmarſton Moor.

March, march,
Why the d——do ye na march?
Stand to your arms, my lads,
Fight in good order,
Front about, ye muſketeers all,
Till ye come to the Engliſh border;
Stand till't, and fight like men,
True goſpel to mantain,
The parliament's blyth to ſee us a' coming
When to the kirk we come,
We'll purge it ilka room,
Frae Popiſh relics, and a' ſic innovations
That a' the warld may ſee,
There's nane i' the right but we'
Of the auld Scottiſh nation.

Jenny ſhall wear the hood,
Jocky the ſark of God;
And the kiſt fou of whiſtles,
That make ſic a cleiro,
Our pipers braw,
Shall hae them a',
Whate'er come on it,
Buſk up your plaids, my lads,
Cock up your bonnets.
March, march, &c.

SONG.

Tune, *I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.*

HE.

A DIEU; for a while, my native green plains,
My deareſt relations, and neighbouring ſwains,
Dear Felly, frae theſe I'd ſtart eaſily free,
Were minutes not ages, while abſent frae thee.

SHE.

Then tell me the reaſon thou does not obey
The pleadings of love, but thus hurries away;
Alake, thou deceiver, o'er plainly I ſee,
A lover ſae roving will never mind me.

HE.

The reaſon unhappy, is owing to fate
That gave me a being without an eſtate,
Which lays a neceſſity now upon me,
To purchaſe a fortune for pleaſure to thee.

SHE.

Small fortune may ſerve where love has the ſway,
Then, Johny be counſell'd na langer to ſtray;
For while thou proves conſtant in kindneſs to me,
Contented I'll ay find a treaſure in thee.

HE.

O ceaſe, my dear charmer, elſe ſoon I'll betray
A weakneſs unmanly, and quickly give way.

To fondneſs which may prove a ruin to thee,
A pain to us baith, and diſhonour to me.

Bear witneſs, ye ſtreams, and witneſs ye flowers.
Bear witneſs, ye watchful inviſible powers,
If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,
May naithing propitious e'er ſmile upon me.

SONG.

To the tune of,

BUSK ye, buſk ye, my bonny bride;
Buſk ye, buſk ye, my bonny marrow,
Buſk ye, buſk ye, my bonny bride,
Buſk and go to the braes of Yarrow;
There will we ſport and gather dew,
Dancing while laverocks ſing the morning;
There learn frae turtles to prove true;
O Bell, ne'er vex me with thy ſcorning.

To weſtlin breezes Flora yields,
And when the beams are kindly warming,
Blythneſs appears o'er all the fields,
And nature looks mair freſh and charming.
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
Tho' on their banks the roſes bloſſom,
Yet haſtilie they flow to Tweed,
And pour their ſweetneſs in his boſom.

Haſte ye, haſte ye, my bonny Bell,
Haſte to my arms, and there I'll guard thee,
With free conſent my fears expel,
I'll with my love and care reward thee,
Thus ſang I faſtly to my fair,
Who rais'd my hopes with kind relenting.
O queen of ſmiles, I aſk na mair,
Since now my bonny Bell's conſenting.

Corn riggs are bonny.

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is ſweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy
His ſhape is handſome, middle ſize;
He's ſtately in his wawking:
The ſhining of his een ſurpriſe;
'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

Laſt night I met him on a bank,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he ſpake,
That ſet my heart a-glowing.
He kiſſ'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me beſt of ony;
That gars me like to ſing ſinſyne,
O corn-riggs are bonny.

Let maidens of a ſilly mind
Refuſe what maiſt they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are deſign'd,
We chaſtly ſhould be granting;
Then I'll comply and marry l'ate,
And ſyne my cockernony
He's free to touzle air or late,
Where corn riggs are bonny.

Cromlet's Lilt.

Since all thy vows, falſe maid,
Are blown to air
And my poor heart betray'd
To ſad deſpair,
Into ſome wilderneſs,
My grief I will expreſs,
And thy hard heartedneſs,
O cruel fair,

Have I not graven our loves
On every tree,
In yonder ſpreading groves,
Tho' falſe thou be?
Was not a ſolemn oath
Plighted betwixt us both,
Thou thy faith, I my troth,
Conſtant to be?

Some gloomy place I'll find,
Some doleful ſhade.
Where neither ſun nor wind
E'er entrance had:
Into that hollow cave,
There will I ſigh and rave,
Becauſe thou doſt behave
So faithleſsly.

Wild fruit ſhall be my meat,
I'll drink the ſpring,
Cold earth ſhall be my ſeat;
For covering
I'll have the ſtarry ſky
My head to canopy,
Until my ſoul on hy
Shall ſpread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire
Nor tears for me:
No grave do I deſire,
Nor obſequies:
The courteous Red-breaſt he
With leaves will cover me,
And ſing my elegy
With doleful voice.

And when a ghoſt I am
I'll viſit thee,
O thou deceitful dame,
Whoſe cruelty.

Has kill'd the kindeſt heart
That e'er felt Cupid's dart
And never can deſert
From loving thee.

S O N G.

We'll a' to Kelſo go.

An I'll away to bonny Tweed ſide
And ſee my deary come throw,
And he ſhall be mine,
Gif ſae he incline,
For I hate to lead apes below.

While young and fair
I'll make it my care,
To ſecure myſelf in a jo;
I'm no ſic a fool
To let my blood cool
And ſyne go lead apes below.

Few words bonny lad
Will eithly perſuade,
Tho' bluſhing I daſtly ſay no
Gae on with your ſtrain
And doubt not to gain,
For I hate to lead apes below

Unty'd to a man,
Do whate'er we can,
We never can thrive or dow:
Then I will do well,
Do better what will,
And let them lead apes below.

Our time is precious,
And gods are gracious
That beauties upon us beſtow

'Tis not to be thought
we got them for nought
Or to be ſet up for a ſhow.

'Tis carried by votes,
Come kilt up your coats
And let us to Edinburgh go,
Where ſhe that's bonny
May catch a Jonny,
And never lead apes below.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

An old Ballad.

'Twas at the fearful midnight hour,
When all were faſt aſleep,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at William's feet.

Her face was pale like April morn;
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lilly hand
That held her ſable ſhroud.

So ſhall the faireſt face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings muſt wear,
When death has reſt their crown.

Her bloom was like the ſpringing flow'r,
That ſips the ſilver dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek,
Juſt op'ning to the view

But love had like the canker worm,
Conſum'd her early prime:
The roſe grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

Awake!—ſhe cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refus'd to ſave.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghoſts complain,
And aid the ſecret tears of night,
To fright the faithleſs man.

Bethink thee, William of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath,
And give me back my maiden vow.
And give me back my troth.

How could you ſay my face was fair,
And yet that face forſake?
How could you won that virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you promiſe love to me,
And not that promiſe keep?
Why ſaid you, that my eyes were bright,
Yet left theſe eyes to weep?

How could you ſwear my lip was ſweet,
And made the ſcarlet pale?
And why did I young witleſs maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair;
Theſe lips no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And ev'ry charm is fled.

The hungry worm my ſiſter is;
this winding ſheet I wear:
And cold and weary laſts our night,
till that laſt morn appear.

But hark!—the cock has warn'd me hence—
A long and late adieu!
Come ſee, falſe man, how low ſhe lies
That dy'd for love of you.

The lark ſung out, the morning ſmil'd,
And rais'd her gliſt'ring head;
Pale William quak'd in ev'ry limb;
Then raving, left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay,
And ſtretch'd him o'er the green graſs turf
That wrapt her breathleſs clay,

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full ſore:
Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
And word ſpoke never more.

THE COMPLAINT.

The ſun was ſunk beneath the hill,
The weſtern cloud was lin'd with gold:
Clear was the ſky, the wind was ſtill,
The flocks were penn'd within the fold;
When in the ſilence of the grove,
Poor Damon thus deſpair'd of love.

Who ſeeks to pluck the fragrant roſe,
From the hard rock or oozy beach;
Who from each weed that barren grows,
Expects the grape or downy peach;
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in womankind.

No flocks have I, or fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden grain,
No paſtures green, or gardens fair,
A woman's venal heart to gain.

Then all in vain my ſighs muſt prove,
Whoſe whole eſtate, alas! is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since womens hearts are bought and ſold
They aſk no vows of ſacred truth;
Whene'er they ſigh they ſigh to gold.
Gold can the frowns of ſcorn remove;—
Thus I am ſcorn'd—who have but love?

To buy the gems of India's coaſt,
What wealth, what riches would ſuffice?
Yet India's ſhore ſhould never boaſt
The luſtre of thy rival eyes;
For there the world too cheap muſt prove;
Can I then buy—who have but love?

Then, Mary, ſince nor gems nor ore
Can with thy brighter ſelf compare,
Be juſt, as fair; and value more
Than gems or ore a heart ſincere:
Let treaſure meaner beauties prove;
Who pays thy worth muſt pay in love.

SONG.

Tune, *Montroſe's lines.*

I Toſs and tumble through the night,
And wiſh th' approaching day,
Thinking when darkneſs yields to light,
I'll baniſh care away:
But when the glorious ſun doth riſe,
And chear all nature round,
All thoughts of pleaſure in me dies;
My cares do ſtill abound,

My tortur'd and uneaſy mind
Bereaves me of my reſt;
My thoughts are to all pleaſure blind,
With care I'm ſtill oppreſt;
But had I her within my breaſt,
Who gives me ſo much pain,
My raptur'd ſoul would be at reſt,
And ſofteſt joys regain.

I'd not envy the god of war,
Bleſs'd with fair Venus' charms,
Nor yet the thund'ring Jupiter
In fair Alcmena's arms;
Paris, with Helen's beauty bleſs'd,
Wou'd be a jeſt to me;
If of her charms I were poſſeſs'd
Thrice happier wou'd I be.

But ſince the gods do not ordain
Such happy fate for me,
I dare not 'gainſt their will repine,
Who rule my deſtiny
With ſprightly wine I'll drown my care,
And cheriſh up my ſoul;
Whene'er I think on my loſt fair,
I'll drown her in the bowl.

THE DECEIVER.

With tuneful pipe and hearty glee,
Young Waty wan my heart;
A blyther lad ye coudna ſee,
All beauty without art.
His winning tale
Did ſoon prevail
To gain my fond belief;

But ſoon the ſwain
Gangs o'er the plain,
And leaves me full, and leaves me full,
And leaves me full of grief.

Tho' Colin courts with tuneful ſang,
Yet few regard his mane;
The laſſes a' round Watty thrang,
While Colin's left alane:
In Aberdeen
Was never ſeen
A lad that gave ſic pain.
He daily wooes,
And ſtill purſues,
Till he does all, till he does all,
Till he does all obtain,

But ſoon as he has gain'd the bliſs
Away then does he run,
And hardly will afford a kiſs
To ſilly me undone;
Bonny Katy,
Maggy, Beaty,
Avoid the roving ſwain;
His wily tongue
Be ſure to ſhun,
Or you like me, or you like me,
Like me will be done.

Sweet Susan.

Tune, *Leader-Haughs.*

I.

The morn was fair, ſaft was the air,
All nature's ſweets were ſpringing;
The buds did bow with ſilver dew,
ten thouſand birds were ſinging:

When on the bent, with blyth content,
Young Jamie ſang his marrow,
Nae bonnier laſs e'er trod the graſs,
On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

II.

How ſweet her face, where ev'ry grace
In heav'nly beauty's planted;
Her ſmiling een, and comely mein
that nae perfection wanted.
I'll never fret nor ban my fate,
But bleſs my bonny marrow;
If her dear ſmile my doubts beguile,
My mind ſhall ken nae ſorrow.

III.

Yet tho' ſhe's fair and has full ſhare
Of ev'ry charm inchanting,
Each good turns ill, and ſoon will kill
Poor me, if love be wanting.
O bonny laſs! have but the grace
to think, ere ye gae furder,
Your joys maun flit, if ye commit
the crying ſin of murder.

IV.

My wand'ring ghaiſt will ne'er get reſt,
And night and day affright ye;
But if ye'ere kind, with joyful mind,
I'll ſtudy to delight ye.
Our years around with love thus crown'd
From all things joys ſhall borrow;
Thus none ſhall be more bleſs'd than we
On Leader-haughs and Yarrow

V.

O ſweeteſt Sue! 'tis only you
Can make life worth my wiſhes,
If equal love your mind can move
to grant theſe beſt of bliſſes.

Thou art my ſun, and thy leaſt frown
Would blaſt me in the bloſſom:
But if thou ſhine, and make me thine,
I'll flouriſh in thy boſom.

COWDON-KNOWS.

WHEN ſummer comes, the ſwains on Tweed
Sing their ſucceſsful loves,
Around the ewes and lambkins feed.
And muſic fills the groves.

But my lov'd ſong is then the broom
So fair on Cowdon-knows;
For ſure ſo ſweet ſo ſoft a bloom
Elſewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No ſhepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
Could play with half ſuch art.

He ſung of Tay of Forth and Clyde,
the hills and dales all round,
Of Leader-haughs, and Leader ſide,
O! how I bleſs'd the ſound.

Yet more delightful is the broom
So fair on Cowdon-knows;
For ſure ſo freſh, ſo bright a bloom
Elſewhere there never grows.

Not Teviot braes ſo green and gay
May with this broom compare,
Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
Nor the buſh aboon Traquair.

More pleaſing far are Cowdon-knows.
My peaceful happy home,

Where I was wont to milk my ewes
At even among the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
Where Tweed with Teviot flows,
Convey me to the beſt of ſwains,
And my lov'd Cowdon-knows.

SANDY AND BETTY.

Sandy in Edinburgh was born,
As blyth a lad as e'er gad thence:
Betty did Staffordſhire adorn
With all that's lovely to the ſenſe.

Had Sandy ſtill remain'd at hame,
He had not blinkit on Betty's ſmile;
For why, he caught the gentle flame
On this ſide Tweed full many a mile.

She, like the fragrant violet,
Still flouriſhed in her native mead:
He, like the ſtream, improving yet.
The further from his fountain head.

The ſtream muſt now no further ſtray;
A fountain fix'd by Venus power
In his clear boſom, to diſplay
the beauties of his bord'ring flower

When gracious Anna did unite
two jarring nations into one,
She babe them mutually unite,
And make each other's good their own.

Henceforth let each returning year
the *roſe* and *thiſtle* bear one ſtem]
The *thiſtle* be the *roſes* ſpear
the *roſe* the *thiſtle's* diadem.

The queen of Britain's high decree,
The queen of love is bound to keep;
Anna, the ſovereign of the ſea,
Venus, the daughter of the deep.

ODE.

To Mrs. A. R.

Tune, *Love's goddeſs in a myrtle grove.*

Now ſpring begins her ſmiling round,
And laviſh paints th' enamell'd ground;
The birds now lift their chearful voice,
And gay on every bough rejoice:
The lovely graces hand in hand
Knit faſt in love's eternal band.
With early ſtep, at morning dawn,
Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn.

Where'er the youthful ſiſters move,
They fire the ſoul to genial love:
Now, by the river's painted ſide,
The ſwain delights his country-bride:
While pleaſ'd, the hears his artleſs vows,
Each bird his feather'd conſort wooes:
Soon will the ripen'd ſummer yield
Her various gifts to every field.

The fertile trees, a lovely ſhow!
With ruby-tinctur'd birth ſhall glow;
Sweet ſmells, from beds of lilies born,
Perfume the breezes of the morn:
The ſmiling day and dewy night
To rural ſcenes my fair invite;
With ſummer ſweets to feaſt her eye,
Yet ſoon, ſoon, will the ſummer fly.

Attend, my lovely maid, and know
To profit by th' inſtructive ſhow,

Now young and blooming thou appears,
All in the flouriſh of thy years:
The lovely bud ſhall ſoon diſcloſe
To every eye the bluſhing roſe;
Now, now the tender ſtalk is ſeen
With beauty freſh, and ever green,

But when the ſunny hours are paſt,
Think not the coz'ning ſcene will laſt;
Let not the flatt'rer hope perſuade,
Ah! muſt I ſay, that it will fade?
For ſee the ſummer flies away,
Sad emblem of our own decay?
Now winter from the frozen north
Drives ſwift his iron chariot forth.

His grizly hands in icy chains
Fair Tweda's ſilver ſtream conſtrains.
Caſt up thy eyes, how bleak and bare
He wanders on the top of Yare;
Behold his footſteps dire are ſeen
Confeſs'd o'er ev'ry with'ring green;
Griev'd at the ſight, when thou ſhalt ſee
A ſnowy wreath to clothe each tree.

Frequenting now the ſtream no more,
Thou flies; diſpleaſ'd, the frozen ſhore,
When thou ſhalt miſs the flowers that grew
But late, to charm thy raviſh'd view;
Then ſhall a ſigh thy ſoul invade,
And o'er thy pleaſures caſt a ſhade:
Shall I, ah! horrid! wilt thou ſay,
Be like to this ſome other day?

Yet when in ſnow and dreary froſt
The pleaſure of the fields is loſt,
To blazing hearths at home we run,
And fires ſupply the diſtant ſun;
In gay delights our hours employ
And do not loſe, but change our joy.

Happy! abandon every care,
To lead the dance to court the fair.
To turn the page of ſacred bards,
To drain the bowl and deal the cards.
In cities thus, with witty friends,
In ſmiles the hoary ſeaſon ends.
But when the lovely white and red
From the pale aſhy cheek is fled,
Then wrinkles dire, and age ſevere,
Make beauty fly we know not where.

The fair, whom fates unkind diſarm,
Ah muſt they never ceaſe to charm?
Or is there left ſome pleaſing art
to keep ſecure a captive heart?
Unhappy love! may lovers ſay,
Beauty, thy food does ſwift decay;
When once that ſhort liv'd ſtock is ſpent,
What is't thy famine can prevent?

Lay in good ſenſe with timeous care,
That love may live on wiſdom's fare:
Though ecſtacy with beauty flies,
Eſteem is born when beauty dies.
Happy the man whom fates decree
Their richeſt gift in giving thee;
Thy beauty ſhall his youth engage.
Thy wiſdom ſhall delight his age.

Horace Book I. ODE 11.

To W. D.

Tune, *Willy was a wanton Wag*,

WILLY, ne'er enquire what end
the gods for thee or me intend,
How vain the ſearch; that but beſtows
The knowledge of our future woes!
Happier the man that ne'er repines,
Whatever lot his fate aſſigns,

Then they that idly vex their lives
With wizards and inchanting wives.
Thy preſent years in mirth employ,
And conſecrate thy youth to joy;
Whether the fates to thy old ſcore
Shall bounteous add a winter more,
Or this ſhall lay thee cold in earth
That rages o'er the Pentland firth,
No more with Home the dance to lead;
Take my advice, ne'er vex thy head.

With blyth intent the goblet pour,
That's ſacred to the genial hour,
In flowing wine ſtill warm thy ſoul,
And have no thoughts beyond the bowl.
Behold the flying hour is loſt,
For time rides ever on the poſt,
Even while we ſpeak, even while we think,
And waits not for the ſtanding drink.

Collect thy joys each preſent day,
And live in youth, while beſt you may;
Have all your pleaſures at command,
Nor truſt one day in fortune's hand.
Then, Willy, be a wanton wag,
If ye wad pleaſe the laſſes braw,
At bridals then ye'll bear the brag,
And carry ay the gree awa'.

The Widow.

The widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
The widow can ſhape, and the widow can ſew,
And mony braw things the widow can do;
Then have at the widow my laddie.
With courage attack her baith early and late,
To kiſs her, and clap her, you manna be blate,
Speak well, and do better, for that's the beſt gate
To win a young widow my laddie.

The widow ſhe's youthfu', and never ae hair
The war of the wearing, and has a good ſkair
Of ev'ry thing lovely; ſhe's witty and fair,
And has a rich jointure, my laddie.
What could you wiſh better, your pleaſure to crown
Than a widow the bonnieſt toaſt in the town,
With naething, but draw in your ſtool and ſit down,
And ſport with the widow, my laddie?

Then till'er, and kill'er with courteſy dead,
Tho' ſtark love and kindneſs be all ye can plead;
Be heartſome and airy, and hope to ſucceed
With a bonny gay widow, my laddie.
Strike iron while it's het, if ye'd have it to wald,
For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
But ruins the wooer that's thowleſs and cauld,
Unfit for the widow my laddie.

The Highland Laſſie.

The lawland maids gang trig and fine,
But aſt they'r four and unco ſaucy;
Sae proud, they never can be kind,
Like my good-humour'd highland laſſie.
O my bonny, bonny highland laſſie,
My hearty ſmiling highland laſſie,
May never care make thee leſs fair,
But bloom of youth ſtill bleſs my laſſie.

Than ony laſs in borrows town,
Wha mak their cheeks with patches mottie
I'd tak my Katy but a gown,
Bare footed in her highland coatie.
O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier or brecken buſh,
Whene'er I kiſs and court my dautie,
Happy and blyth as ane wad wiſh,
My flightern heart gangs pittie pattie.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er higheſt heathery hills I'll ſtenn
With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
To drive the dear out of their den,
To feaſt my laſs on diſhes dainty.
There's nane ſhall dare by deed or word
'Gainſt her to wag a tongue or finger,
While I can wield my truſty ſword,
Or frae my ſide whiſk out a whinger,
O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
And berries ripe, invite my treaſure
To range with me let great folk gloom,
While wealth and pride confound their pleaſure.
O my bonny, bonny highland laſſie,
My lovely ſmiling highland laſſie,
May never care make thee leſs fair,
But bloom of youth ſtill bleſs my laſſie.

JOCKY blyth and gay.

BLYTH Jocky young and gay,
Is all my heart's delight;
He's all my talk by day,
And all my dreams by night.
If from the lad I be,
'Tis winter then with me;
But when he tarries here,
'tis ſummer all the year.

When I and Jocky met
Firſt on the flowry dale,
Right ſweetly he me treat,
And love was all his tale,
You are the laſs, ſaid he,
that ſtaw my heart frae me;
O eaſe me of my pain;
And never ſhaw diſdain.

Well can my Jocky kyth
His love and courteſie,
He made my heart full blyth
When he firſt ſpake to me.
His ſuit I ill deny'd,
He kiſs'd and I comply'd:
Sae Jocky promis'd me,
That he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when Jocky comes,
Sad when he gangs away;
'Tis night when Jocky glooms,
But when he ſmiles 'tis day.
When our eyes meet I pant.
I colour ſigh and faint;
What laſs that wad be kind,
Can better tell her mind?

Had away from me Donald.

O Come away, come away,
Come away wi' me, Jenny;
Sic frowns I canna bear frae ane
Whaſe ſmiles anes raviſh'd me, Jenny;
If you'll be kind, you'll never find
That ought ſall alter me, Jenny;
For you're the miſtreſs of my mind,
Whate'er you think of me, Jenny.

Firſt when your ſweets enſlav'd my heart
You ſeem'd to favour me, Jenny,
But now, alas! you act a part
that ſpeaks unconſtancy, Jenny;
Unconſtancy is ſic a vice,
'tis not befitting thee, Jenny;
It ſuits not with your virtue nice
to carry ſae to me, Jenny.

Her Anſwer.

O Had away, had away,
Had away frae me, Donald;

Your heart is made o'er large for ane,
It is not meet for me, Donald;

Some fickle miſtreſs you may find
Will jilt as faſt as thee Donald;
To ilka ſwain ſhe will prove kind,
And nae leſs kind to thee, Donald.

But I've a heart that's naething ſuch
'Tis fill'd with honeſty, Donald,
I'll ne'er love money, I'll love much,
I hate all levity, Donald,
Therefore nae mair, with art, pretend
Your heart is chain'd to mine, Donald
For words of falſhood I'll defend,
A roving love like thine, Donald.

Firſt when you courted, I muſt own
I frankly favour'd you Donald;
Apparent worth and fair renown
Made me believe you true, Donald.
Ilk virtue then ſeem'd to adorn
The man eſteem'd by me, Donald;
But now, the maſk fallen aff, I ſcorn
To ware a thought on thee, Donald.

And now, forever, had away,
Had away from me, Donald;
Gae ſeek a heart that's like your ain,
And come nae mair to me, Donald;
For I'll reſerve myſell for ane,
For ane that's liker me, Donald;
If ſic a ane I canna find,
I'll ne'er loo man, nor thee, Donald.

DONALD.

Then I'm thy man, and falſe report
Has only tald a lie, Jenny;
To try thy truth; and make us ſport,
The tale was rais'd by me, Jenny.

JENNY.

When this ye prove, and ſtill can love,
Then come away to me Donald;
I'm well content, ne'er to repent
That I have ſmil'd on thee, Donald;

Todlen butt, and todlen ben.

WHEN I've a ſixpence under my thumb,
Then I'll get credit in ilka town:
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by;
O! poverty parts good company.
Todlen hame, todlen hame;
Cou'dna my love come todlen hame?

Fair fa' the goodwife, and ſend her good ſale,
She gie's us white bannocks to drink her ale,
Syne if that her tippony chance to be ſma',
We'll tak a good ſcour o't, and ca't awa'.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to ſleep,
And twa pint ſtoups at our beds feet;
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry:
What think ye of my wee kimmer and I?
Todlen butt, and todlen ben,
Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
Ye're ay ſae good humour'd when weeting your mou
When ſober, ſae ſour, ye'll fight with a flee,
That 'tis a blyth ſight to the bairns and me.
When todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a neep you come todlen hame.

THE AULD MAN'S BEST ARGUMENT.

Tune, *Widow, are ye wawkin?*

O WHA's that at my chamber door?
"Fair widow, are ye wakin?"

Auld carl, your ſuit give o'er,
Your love lies a' in tawking.
Gi'e me a lad tha 's young and tight,
Sweet like an April meadow;
'Tis ſic as he can bleſs the ſight
And boſom of a widow.

" O widow, wilt thou let me in,
" I'm pauky wiſe and thriſty,
" And come of a right gentle kin,
" I'm little mair than fifty."
Daft carl, dit your mouth,
What ſignifies how pawky,
Or gentle born ye be,—but youth?
In love you're but a gawky.

" Then, widow, let theſe guineas ſpeak,
" And if they fail, my mouth I'll ſteek,
" That powerfully plead clinkan,
" And nae mair love will think on."
Theſe court indeed, I maun confeſs.
I think they make you young Sir,
And ten times better can expreſs
Affection, than your tongue Sir.

The peremptor Lover.

Tune, *John Anderſon, my jo.*

Tis not your beauty, nor your wit,
That can my heart obtain;
For they cou'd never conquer yet,
Either my breaſt or brain:
For if you'll not prove kind to me,
And true as heretofore,
Henceforth I'll ſcorn your ſlave to be,
Or doat upon you more.

Think not my fancy to o'ercome,
By proving thus unkind;

No ſmoothed ſight, nor ſmiling frown,
Can ſatisfy my mind.
Pray let Platonicks play with pranks,
Such follies I deride;
For love, at leaſt, I will have thanks,
And ſomething elſe beſide.

Then open hearted be with me,
As I ſhall be with you,
And let our actions be as free,
As virtue will allow
If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,
If true I'll conſtant be;
If fortune chance to change your mind,
I'll turn as ſoon as ye.

Since our affections well ye know,
In equal terms do ſtand,
'Tis in your power to love or no,
Mine's likewiſe in my hand,
Diſpenſe with your auſterity,
Unconſtancy abhore,
Or, by great Cupid's deity,
I'll never love you more.

Whats that to you?

Tune, *The glancing of her apron.*

My Jenny and I have toil'd
The live long ſummer day,
Till we almoſt were ſpoil'd
At making of the hay:
Her kurchy was of holland clear,
Ty'd on her bonny brow,
I whiſper'd ſomething iu her ear;
But what's that to you?

Her ſtockings were of Kerſy green,
As tight as ony ſilk:

O ſic a leg was never ſeen,
  Her ſkin was white as milk;
Her hair was black as ane could wiſh,
  And ſweet, ſweet was her mou,
Oh! Jeany daintly can kiſs;
  But what's that to you?

The roſe and lily baith combine
  to make my Jeany fair,
There is nae beniſon like mine,
  I have amaiſt nae care,
Only I fear my Jeany's face
  May cauſe mae men to rue,
And that may gar me ſay alas!
  But what's that to you?

Conceal thy beauties if thou can,
  Hide that ſweet face of thine,
That I may only be the man
  Enjoys theſe looks divine.
O do not proſtitute, my dear,
  Wonders to common view,
And I with faithful heart ſhall ſwear,
  For ever to be true.

King Solomon had wives enow,
  And mony a concubine;
But I enjoy a bliſs mair true.
  His joys were ſhort of mine;
And Jeany's happier than they,
  She ſeldom wants her due;
All debts of love to her I pay,
  And what's that to you?

SONG.

To the abſent Florinda.

Tune, *Queen of Sheba's march.*

Come Florinda, lovely charmer,
  Come and fix this wav'ring heart;

Let thoſe eyes my ſoul rekindle,
E'er I feel ſome foreign dart.
Come, and with thy ſmiles ſecure me,
If this heart be worth thy care,
Favour'd by my dear Florinda,
I'll be true as ſhe is fair.

Thouſand beauties trip around me,
And my yielding breaſt aſſail;
Come and take me to thy boſom,
Ere my conſtant paſſion fail.
Come, and, like the radiant morning,
On my ſoul ſerenely ſhine,
Then thoſe glimmering ſtars ſhall vaniſh,
Loſt in ſplendor more divine.

Long this heart has been thy victim,
Long has felt the pleaſing pain,
Come, and with an equal paſſion
Make it ever thine remain.
Then, my charmer, I can promiſe,
If our ſouls in love agree,
None in all the upper dwellings,
Shall be happier than we.

A Bacchanal Song.

Tune, *Auld Sir Symon the King.*

Come here's to the nymph that I love?
Away, ye vain ſorrows, away;
Far, far from me ſorrows, begone,
All there ſhall be pleaſant and gay.
Far hence be the ſad and the penſive,
Come fill up the glaſſes around,
We'll drink till our faces be ruddy,
And all our vain ſorrows are drown'd

'Tis done, and my fancy's exulting,
With every gay blooming deſire,

My blood with briſk ardour is glowing,
Soſt pleaſures my boſom inſpire.
My ſoul now to love is diſſolving,
Oh fate! had I here my fair charmer,
I'd claſp her, I'd claſp her ſo eager,
Of all her diſdain I'd diſarm her.

But hold, what has love to do here,
With his troops of vain cares in array?
A vaunt, idle penſive intruder,—
He triumphs, he will not away.
I'll drown him, come give me a bumper;
Young Cupid, here's to thy confuſion.—
Now, now he's departing, he's vanquiſhed,
Adieu to his anxious deluſion.

Come jolly god Bacchus, here's to thee;
Huzza, boys, huzza boys huzza;
Sing Io, ſing Io to Bacchus——
Hence all ye dull thinkers, withdraw.
Come, what ſhould we do but be jovial?
Come tune up our voices and ſing;
What ſoul is ſo dull to be heavy,
When wine ſets our fancies on wing?

Come, Pegaſus lies in this bottle,
He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high,
Each of us a gallant young Perſeus,
Sublime we'll aſcend to the ſky.
Come mount or adieu I ariſe,
In ſeas of wide æther I'm drown'd;
The clouds far beneath me are ſailing,
I ſee the ſpheres whirling around.

What darkneſs, what rattling is this?
Thro' Chaos' dark regions I'm hurl'd,
And now,—O my head it is knock'd
Upon ſome confounded new world.
Now now theſe dark ſhades are retiring
See yonder bright blazes a ſtar;

Where am I! behold the Empyreum,
With flaming light ſtreaming from far.

To Mrs. A. C.

S O N G.

Tune, *All in the Downs.*

When beauty blazes Heavenly bright,
The muſe can no more ceaſe to ſing,
Than can the lark with riſing light,
Her notes neglect with drooping wing
The morning ſhines, harmonious birds mount high:
The dawning beauty ſmiles, and poets fly.

Young Anne's budding graces claim
th' inſpired thought, and ſofteſt lays;
And kindle in the breaſt a flame,
Which muſt be vented in her praiſe.
Tell us, ye gentle ſhepherds have ye ſeen
E'er one ſo like an angel tread the green?

Ye youth, be watchful of your hearts;
When ſhe appears, take the alarm:
Love on her beauty points his darts,
And wings an arrow from each charm.
Around her eyes and ſmiles the graces ſport,
And to her ſnowy neck and breaſt reſort.

But vain muſt every caution prove:
When ſuch inchanting ſweetneſs ſhines,
The wounded ſwain muſt yield to love,
And wonder, tho' he hopeleſs pines.
Sueh flames the foppiſh butterfly ſhou'd ſhun;
The eagle's only fit to view the ſun.

She's as the op'ning lily fair;
Her lovely features are complete;
Whilſt heaven indulgent makes her ſhare
With angels all that's wiſe and ſweet.

Theſe virtues which divinely decks her mind,
Exalt each other of th' inferior kind.

Whether ſhe love the rural ſcenes,
Or ſparkle in the airy town,
O! happy he her favour gains,
Unhappy! if ſhe on him frown.
The muſe unwilling quits the lovely theme,
Adieu ſhe ſings and thrice repeats her name.

A Paſtoral ſong.

Tune, *My apron deary.*

JAMIE.

WHILE our flocks are a-feeding.
And we're void of care,
Come, Sandy let's tune
To praiſe of the fair
For inſpir'd by my Suſie,
I'll ſing in ſuch lays,
That Pan, were he judge,
Muſt allow me the bays.

SANDY.

While under this hawthorn
We ly at our eaſe,
By a muſical ſtream,
And refreſh'd by the breeze
Of a zephyr ſo gentle,
Yes Jamie, I'll try
For to match you and Suſie
Dear Katie and I.

JAMIE.

Oh! my Suſie ſo lovely,
She's without compare,
She's ſo comely ſo good,
And ſo charmingly fair,
Sure, the gods were at pains
To make ſo complete

A nymph, that for love
There was ne'er one ſo meet.

SANDY.

Oh my Katy's ſo bright,
She's ſo witty and gay;
Love, join'd with the graces,
Around her looks play.
In her mein ſhe's ſo graceful,
In her humour ſo free;
Sure the gods never fram'd
A maid fairer than ſhe.

JAMIE.

Had my Suſie been there,
When the ſhepherd declar'd
For the lady of Lemnos,
She had loſt his regard:
And o'ercome by a preſence
More beautiouſly bright,
He had own'd her undone,
As the darkneſs by light.

SANDY.

Not fair Helen of Greece,
Nor all the whole train,
Either of real beauties,
Or thoſe poets feign,
Cou'd be match'd with my Katie
Whoſe ev'ry ſweet charm
May conquer beſt judges,
And coldeſt hearts warm;

JAMIE.

Neither riches nor honour,
Or any thing great,
Do I aſk of the gods,
But that this be my fate,
That my Suſie to all
My kind wiſhes comply;

For with her wou'd I live,
And with her I wou'd die.

SANDY.

If the fates give me Kattie,
And her I enjoy,
I have all my deſires;
Nought can me annoy:
For my charmer has ev'ry
Delight in ſuch ſtore.
She'll make me more happy
Than ſwain e'er before.

Love will find out the way.

OVER the mountains,
And over the waves,
Over the fountains,
And under the graves;
Over the floods that are deepeſt,
Which do Neptune obey;
Over the rocks that are ſteepeſt,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
for the glow-worm to ly;
Where there is no ſpace
For the receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dare not venture,
Leſt herſelf faſt ſhe lay;
But if love come, he will enter,
And ſoon find out his way.

You may eſteem him
A child in his force;
Or you may deem him
A coward, which is worſe
But if ſhe, whom love doth honour,
Be conceal'd from the day,

Set a thouſand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to loſe him,
Which is too unkind;
And ſome do ſuppoſe him,
Poor thing to be blind;
But if ne'er ſo cloſe ye wail him,
Do the beſt that ye may,
Blind love if ſo ye call him,
He will find out the way,

You may train the eagle
To ſtoop to your fiſt;
Or you may inveigle
the Phœnix of the eaſt;
The Lioneſs, ye may move her
to give o'er her prey,
But you'll never ſtop a lover,
He will find out his way.

SONG.

Tune, *Throw the wood laddie.*

As early I walk'd, on the firſt of ſweet May,
Beneath a ſteep mountain,
Beſide a clear fountain,
I heard a grave lute ſoft melody play,
Whilſt the Echo reſounded the dolorous lay.

I liſten'd, and look'd, and ſpy'd a young ſwain,
With aſpect diſtreſſed,
And ſpirits oppreſſed,
Seem'd clearing afreſh, like the ſky after rain,
And thus he diſcover'd how he ſtrave with his pain.

Tho' Eliſa be coy, why ſhou'd I repine,
That a maid much above me,
Vouchſafes not to love me?

In her high ſphere of worth I never could ſhine;
Then why ſhould I ſeek to abaſe her to mine?

No: henceforth eſteem ſhall govern my deſire,
And, in due ſubjection,
Retain warm affection;
To ſhew that ſelf love inflames not my fire,
And that no other ſwain can more humbly admire.

When paſſion ſhall ceaſe to rage in my breaſt.
Then quiet returning
Shall huſh my ſad mourning;
And, lord of myſelf, in abſolute reſt,
I'll hug the condition which heav'n ſhall think beſt.

Thus friendſhip unmix'd and wholly refin'd,
May ſtill be reſpected,
Tho' love is rejected;
Eliſa ſhall own, tho' to love not inclin'd
That ſhe ne'er had a friend like her lover reſign'd.

May the fortunate youth who hereafter ſhall woo
With proſp'rous endeavour,
And gain her dear ſavour,
Know, as well as I, what to Eliſa is due,
Be much more deſerving, but never leſs true.

Whilſt I diſengag'd from all amorous cares,
Sweet liberty taſting,
On calmeſt peace feaſting,
Employing my reaſon to dry up my tears,
In hopes of heav'ns bliſſes I'll ſpend my few years.

Ye pow'rs that preſide o'er virtuous love,
Come aid me with patience;
To bear my vexations;
With equal deſires my flutt'ring heart move,
With ſentiments pureſt my notions improve.

If love in his fetters e'er catch me again,
May courage protect me,
And prudence direct me;
Prepar'd for all fates; rememb'ring the swain,
Who grew happily wise, after loving in vain.

Rob's Jock. A very auld Ballat.

Rob's Jock came to woo our Jenny,
On ae feast day when we were fou;
She frankit fast and made her bonny.
And said, Jock come ye here to woo?
She burnist her baith breast and brou,
And made her clear as ony cloak;
Then spake her dame, and said, I trou
Ye come to woo our Jenny, Jock.

Jock said, Forsuth, I yern fu fain
To luk my head, and sit down by you;
Then spak her minny, and said again,
My bairn has tocher enough to gi'e you.
Tehie! quo' Jenny, kick, kick, I see you;
Minny, yon man makes but a mock.
Deil hae the liers—fu lies me o' you,
I come to woo your Jenny quo Jock—

My bairn has tocher of her awin:
A guse, a gryce, a cock and a hen,
A stirk, a staig, an acre sawin,
A bakbread and a bannock stane;
A pig, a pot and a kirn there-ben.
A kame but a kaming stock;
With coags and luggies nine or ten:
Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock?

A wecht, a peet creel, and a cradle,
A pair of clips a graip a flail,
An ark, an ambry, and a ladle,
A milsie, and a sown pail,

A rouſty whittle to ſhear the kail,
And a timber mell the bear to knock,
Twa ſhelfs made of an auld fir dale:
Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock?

A furm, a furlet and a peck,
A rock a reel and a wheel band,
A tub, a barrow, and a ſeck,
A ſpurtil-braid, and an elwand.
Then Jock took Jenny be the hand,
And cry'd a feaſt! and ſlew a cock,
And made a bridal upo' land,
Now I have got your Jenny, quo' Jock.

Now dame, I have your daugh'er marri'd
And tho' ye mak it ne'er ſae teugh,
I let you wit ſhe's nae miſcarried,
I'ts well kend I have gear enough:
An auld gaw'd gloyd fell o'er a heugh,
A ſpade, a ſpit, a ſpur a ſock;
Withouten owſen I have a plough,
May that no ſer your Jenny, quo Jock.

A treen truncher; a ram horn ſpoon,
Twa buits of barkit blaſint leather,
A graith that gane to coble ſhoon,
And a thrawcruik to twyne a teather,
Twa croaks that moup amang the heather
A pair of branks, and a fetter-lock,
A teugh purſe made of a ſwine's blather,
To had your tocher Jenny, quo Jock,

Good elding for our winter fire,
A cod of caff wad fill a cradle,
A rake of iron to clat the bire,
A deuk about the dubs to paddle,
The pannel of an auld led ſaddle,
And Rob my eem heckt me a ſtock,
Twa luſty lips to lick a laddle.
May thir no gane your Jenny quo' Jock,

A pair of hames and brechom fine,
And without bits a bridle renzie,
A ſark made of the lincome twine,
A gay green cloak that will not ſtenzie;
Mair yet in ſtore, I needna fenzie,
Five hundred flaes, a fendy flock;
And are not they a wakrife menzie,
To gae to bed with Jenny and Jock?

Tak thir for my part of the feaſt,
It is well knawin I am well bodin;
Ye need not ſay my part is leaſt,
Were they as meikle as they'r lodin.
The wife ſpeer'd gin the kail were ſodin,
When we have done, tak hame the brock;
The roſt was teugh as raploch hodin,
With which they feaſted Jenny and Jock.

SONG.

Tune, *a rock and a wi' pickle tow.*

I have a green purſe, and a wee pickle gowd,
A bonny piece land and a plantin on't,
It fattens my flocks and my bairns it has ſtow'd,
But the beſt thing of a's yet wanting on't.
To grace it and trace it,
And gie me delight,
To bleſs me and kiſs me,
And comfort my ſight,
With beauty by day, and kindneſs by night,
And nae mair my lane gang ſauntring on't.

My Chriſty ſhe's charming and good as ſhe's fair;
Her een and her mouth are inchanting ſweet,
She ſmiles me on fire, her frowns gie deſpair;
I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.
Thou faireſt and deareſt,
Delight of my mind,

Whoſe gracious embraces
By heav'n were deſign'd
For happieſt tranſport and bleſſes refin'd;
Nae langer delay thy granting ſweet.

For thee, bonny Chriſty, my ſhepherds and hinds
Shall carefully make the years dainties thine:
Thus freed frae laigh care, while love fills our minds
Our days ſhall with pleaſure and plenty ſhine.
Then hear me, and chear me
With ſmiling conſent,
Believe me, and give me
No cauſe to lament.
Since I ne'er can be happy, till thou ſay, *Content,*
I'm pleaſ'd with my Jamie, *and he ſhall be mine.*

S O N G.

To its ain tune.

Altho' I be but a country laſs,
Yet a lofty mind I bear—O,
And think myſell as good as thoſe
That rich apparel wear—O.
Altho' my gown be hame ſpun grey,
My ſkin it is as faſt—O,
As them that ſattin weeds do wear,
And carry their heads aloft—O.

What tho' I keep my father's ſheep,
The thing that muſt be done—O
With garlands of the fineſt flowers,
To ſhade me frae the ſun—O
W en they are feeding pleaſantly,
Where graſs and flowers do ſpring—O
Then on a flowery bank at noon,
I ſet me down and ſing—O.

My Paiſly piggy, cork'd with ſage,
Contains my drink but thin—O
No wines do e'er my brains enrage,
Or tempt my mind to ſin—O.

My country curds, and wooden ſpoon,
I think them unco fine—O,
And on a flowery bank at noon,
I ſet me down and dine—O.

Altho' my parents cannot raiſe
Great bags of ſhining gold—O
Like them whaſe daughters, now a days,
Like ſwine are bought and ſold—O;
Yet my fair body it ſhall keep
An honeſt heart within—O
And for twice fifty thouſand crowns,
I value not a prin—O

I uſe nae gems upon my hair,
Nor chains about my neck—O,
Nor ſhining rings upon my hands,
My fingers ſtreight to deck—O;
But for that lad to me ſhall ſa'
And I have grace to wed—O
I'll keep a Jewel worth them a',
I mean my maidenhead—O.

If canny fortune give to me
The man I dearly love—O
Tho' we want gear, I dinna care,
My hands I can improve—O,
Expecting for a bleſſing ſtill
Deſcending from above—O
Then we'll embrace and ſweetly kiſs,
Repeating tales of love—O.

Waly, waly, gin love be bonny.

O Waly, waly, up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae
And waly, waly yon burn ſide,
Where I and my love wont to gae.
I lean'd my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a truſty tree,

But firſt it bow'd and ſyne it brak
Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, but love be bonny,
A little time while it is new,
But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like the morning dew.
O wherefore ſhould I buſk my head?
Or wherefore ſhould I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forſook,
And ſays he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat ſhall be my bed,
the ſheets ſhall ne'er be ſyl'd by me,
Saint Anton's well ſhall be my drink,
Since my true love has forſaken me,
Martinmas wind when wilt thou blaw,
And ſhake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I am weary.

'Tis not the froſt that freezes fell,
Nor blawing ſnaw's inclemency:
'Tis not ſic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me,
When we came in by Glaſgow town,
We were a comely ſight to ſee;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
And I myſelf in cramaſie.

But had I wiſt before I kiſs'd,
That love had been ſae ill to win,
I'd lock'd my heart in a caſe of gold,
And pinn'd it with a ſilver pin,
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
And ſet upon the nurſe's knee,
And I myſell were dead and gane,
For a maid again I'll never be.

The loving Laſs and Spinning-Wheel.

As I ſat at my ſpinning wheel,
A bonny lad was paſſing by:
I view'd him round, and lik'd him weel,
For trouth he had a glancing eye.
My heart new panting 'gan to feel,
But ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

With looks all kindneſs he drew near,
And ſtill mair lovely did appear;
And round about my ſlender waſte
He claſp'd his arms, and me embrac'd;
To kiſs my hand, ſyne down did kneel
As I ſat at my ſpinning-wheel.

My milk-white hands he did extol,
And prais'd my fingers long and ſmall,
And ſaid there was nae lady fair
That ever could with me compare.
theſe words into my heart did ſteal,
But ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning wheel.

Altho' I ſeemingly did chide,
Yet he wad never be deny'd,
But ſtill declar'd his love the mair,
Until my heart was wounded ſair:
That I my love cou'd ſcarce conceal,
Yet ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

My hanks of yarn, my rock and reel,
My winnels and my ſpinning-wheel.
He bid me leave them all with ſpeed,
And gang with him to yonder mead.
My yielding heart ſtrange flames did feel
Yet ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

About my neck his arm he laid,
And whiſper'd, Riſe, my bonny maid,

And with me to yon hay-cock go,
I'll teach thee better wark to do.
In troth I lood'd the motion weel,
And loot alane my ſpinning-wheel.

Amang the pleaſing cocks of hay,
Then with my bonny lad I lay?
What laſſie, young and ſaft as I,
Cou'd ſic a handſome lad deny,
Theſe pleaſures I cannot reveal,
That far ſurpaſt the ſpinning-wheel.

On the Marriage of the R. H. Lord G——
and Lady K—— C——.

SONG.

Tune, *The highland laddie.*

BRIGANTIUS.

Now all thy virgin-ſweets are mine,
And all the ſhining charms that grace thee;
My fair Melinda, come, recline
Upon my breaſt, while I embrace thee.
And tell without diſſembling art,
My happy raptures in thy boſom:
Thus will I plant within thy heart,
A love that ſhall forever bloſſom.

CHORUS.

O the happy, happy, brave and bonny,
Sure the gods will pleas'd behold ye;
Their work admire, ſo great ſo, fair
And well in all your joys uphold ye.

MELINDA.

No more I bluſh, now that I'm thine,
To own my love in tranſport tender;
Since that ſo brave a man is mine,
to my Brigantius I ſurrender.

By sacred ties I'm now to move.
As thy exalted thoughts direct me;
And while my smiles engage thy love,
Thy manly greatness shall protect me.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

BRIGANTIUS.

Soft fall thy words, like morning dew,
New life on blowing flowers bestowing
Thus kindly yielding makes me bow
to heaven, with grateful spirit glowing.
My honour, courage, wealth, and wit,
Thou dear delight, my chiefest treasure,
Shall be employ'd as thou thinks fit,
As agents for our love and pleasure.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

MELINDA.

With my Brigantius I could live
In lonely cotts beside a mountain,
And nature's easy wants relieve
With shepherds fare, and quaff the fountain.
What pleases thee, thee rural grove,
Or congress of the fair and witty,
Shall give me pleasure with thy love,
In plains retir'd or social city.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

BRIGANTIUS.

How sweetly canst thou charm my soul,
O lovely sum of my desires!
Thy beauties all my cares controul;
thy virtue all that's good inspires.
Tune every instrument of sound,

Which all thy mind divinely raiſes.
Till every height and dale rebounds,
Both loud and ſweet, my darling's praiſes.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

MELINDA.

Thy love gives me the brighteſt ſhine,
My happineſs is now completed,
Since all that's generous, great and fine,
In my Brigantius is united;
For which I'll ſtudy thy delight,
With kindly tale the time beguiling,
And round the change of day and night,
Fix throughout life a conſtant ſmiling.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

SONG.

Tune, *Wo's my heart that we ſhould ſunder.*

A Dieu, ye pleaſant ſports and plays,
Farewel each ſong that was diverting;
Love tunes my pipe to mournful lays,
I ſing of Delia and Damon's parting.

Long had he lov'd, and long conceal'd
the dear, tormenting, pleaſant paſſion,
Till Delia's mildneſs had prevail'd
On him to ſhew his inclination.

Juſt as the fair one ſeem'd to give
A patient ear to his love ſtory,
Damon muſt his Delia leave,
to go in queſt of toilſome glory.

Half ſpoken words hung on his tongue,
their eyes refus'd the uſual meeting;
And ſighs ſupply'd their wonted ſong,
theſe charming ſouls were chang'd to weeping.

Dear idol of my ſoul, adieu;
Ceaſe to lament, but ne'er to love me;
While Damon lives, he lives for you,
No other charms ſhall ever move me.

Alas! who knows, when parted far
From Delia, but you may deceive her?
The thought deſtroys my heart with care,
Adieu, my dear, I fear, for ever.

If ever I forget my vows,
May then my guardian angel leave me;
And more to agravate my woes,
Be you ſo good as to forgive me.

O'er the hills and far away.

Jocky met with Jenny fair,
Aft by the dawning of the day;
But Jocky now is fu' of care,
Since Jenny ſtaw his heart away;
Altho' ſhe promis'd to be true,
She proven has alake unkind;
Which gars poor Jocky often rue,
That e'er he lov'd a fickle mind,
And it's o'er the hills and far away,
It's o'er the hills and far away,
It's o'er the hills and far away,
The wind has blown my plaid away.

Now Jocky was a bonny lad
As e'er was born in Scotland fair;
But now poor man, he's e'en gane wood,
Since Jenny has gart him deſpair.

Young Jocky was a piper's ſon,
And fell in love when he was young;
But a' the ſprings that he cou'd play,
Was *o'er the hills and far away*,
And its o'er the hills, &c.

He ſung—When firſt my Jenny's face
I ſaw, ſhe ſeem'd ſae ſu' of grace,
With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,
That's now, alas! with ſorrow kill'd,
Oh! was ſhe but as true as fair,
'Twad put an end to my deſpair,
Inſtead of that ſhe is unkind,
And wavers like the winter wind.
And it's o'er the the hills, &c.

Ah! cou'd ſhe find the diſmal wae,
That for her ſake I undergae,
She cou'd nae chuſe but grant relief,
And put an end to a' my grief;
But oh! ſhe is as fauſe as fair,
Which cauſes a' my ſighs and care;
But ſhe triumphs in proud diſdain,
And takes a pleaſure in my pain.
And *it's o'er the hills, &c.*

Hard was my hap to ſa' in love
With ane that does ſae faithleſs prove.
Hard was my fate to court a maid;
That has my conſtant heart betray'd.
A thouſand times to me ſhe ſware,
She wad be true for evermair:
But, to my grief, alake, I ſay,
She ſtaw my heart and ran away.
And *it's o'er the hills, &c.*

Since that ſhe will nae pity take,
I maun gae wander for her ſake,
And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove,
I'll ſighing ſing, Adieu to love;

Since ſhe is fauſe whom I adore,
I'll never truſt a woman more;
Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
And on my pipe I'll ſweetly play,
O'er hills and dales and far away
Out o'er the hills and far away,
Out o'er the hills and far away,
The wind has blawn my plaid away.

JENNY NETTLES.

SAW ye Jenny Nettles,
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
Saw ye Jenny Nettles
Coming frae the market?
Bag and baggage on her back,
Her fee and bountith in her lap;
Bag and baggage on her baek,
And a babie in her oxter?

I met ayont the kairny,
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
Singing till her bairny,
Robin Rattles baſtard;
To flee the dool upo' the ſtool,
And ilka ane that mocks her,
She round about ſeeks Robin out,
To ſtap it in his oxter.

Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle;
Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
Uſe Jenny Nettles kindly;
Score out the blame, and ſhun the ſhame
And without mair bebate o't,
Tak hame your wean, make Jenny fain
The leel and leeſome gate o't.

JOCKY's fou, and JENNY's fain.

JOCKY fou, Jenny fain,
Jenny was nae ill to gain,
She was couthy, he was kind,
And thus the woer tell'd his mind.

Jenny, I'll nae mair be nice,
Gi'e me love at ony price;
I winna prig for red or whyt
Love alane can gi'e delyte.

Others ſeek they kenna what,
In looks, in carriage, and a' that;
Give me love, for her I court:
Love in love makes a' the ſport.

Colours mingl'd unco fine,
Common motives lang ſinſyne,
Never can engage my love,
Until my fancy firſt approve.

It is na meat, but appetite
That makes our eatin a delyte;
Beauty is at beſt deceit;
Fancy only kens nae cheat.

Leader-Haughs and Yarrow.

WHEN Phœbus bright the azure ſkies
With golden rays enlighteneth,
He makes all nature's beauties riſe,
Herbs, trees, and flow'rs he quickneth
Amongſt all thoſe he makes his choice,
And with delight goes thorow
With radiant beams and ſilver ſtreams,
Are Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

When Aries the day and night
In equal length divideth,
Auld frosty Saturn takes his flight,
Nae langer he abideth:
Then Flora queen with mantle green,
Casts aff his former sorrow
And vows to dwell with Ceres sell
In Leader haughs and Yarrow.

Pan playing on his aiten reed.
And shepherds him attending,
Do here resort their flocks to feed.
The hills and haughs commending:
With cur and kent upon the bent,
Sing to the sun Good morrow.
And swear nae fields mair pleasures yield
Then Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

An house there stands on Leader-side,
Sourmounting my describing,
With rooms sa rare and windows fair,
Like Dedalus' contriving:
Men passing by, do aften cry,
In sooth it hath no marrow;
It stands as sweet on Leader-side,
As Newark does on Yarrow.

A mile below, wha lists to ride,
They'll hear the mavis singing;
Into St Leonards banks she'll bide,
Sweet birks her head o'er hinging:
The lintwhite loud, and progue proud,
With tuneful throats and narrow,
Into St Leonards banks they sing,
As sweetly as in Yarrow.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,
With nimble wing she sporteth
By vows she'll flee far frae the tree
Where Philomel resorteth

By break of day the lark can ſay,
I'll bid you a good-morrow,
I'll ſtreek my wing, and mounting ſing,
O'er Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

Park, wanton-waws and Wooden cluegh
The eaſt and weſtren Mainſes,
The wood of Lauders fair enough,
The corns are good in Blainches.
Where aits are fine, and ſald be kind,
That if ye ſearch all thorow,
Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nane better are
Than Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

In Burn Mill bog and Whitſlade ſhaws,
The fearful hare ſhe haunteth,
Brig haugh and Braidwoodhiel ſhe knaws
And Chaple-wood frequenteth.
Yet when ſhe irks to Kaidſly birks
She rins and ſighs for ſorrow,
That ſhe ſhould leave ſweet Leader-haughs
And cannot win to Yarrow.

What ſweeter muſic wad we hear,
than hound and beigles crying?
The ſtarted hare rins hard with fear,
Upon her ſpeed relying.
But yet her ſtrength it fails at length,
Nae beilding can ſhe borrow.
In Sorrel's field, Cleckman or Hag's,
And ſighs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spoty, Shag,
With ſight and ſcent purſue her,
Till ah! her pith begins to flag,
Nae cunning can reſcue her:
O'er dub and dyke, o'er ſeugh and ſyke.
She'll run the fields all thorow,
Till fail'd ſhe fa's in Leader-haughs,
And bids farewell to Yarrow.

Sing Erſlington and Cowdon-knows,
Where Homes had anes commanding;
And Drygrange with thy milk white ewes,
'Twixt Tweed and Leader ſtanding:
The bird that flies through Reedpath trees,
And Gledſwood banks ilk morrow,
May chant and ſing, Sweet Leader-haughs
And bonny Homes of Yarrow,

But minſtrel Burn cannot aſſwage
His grief, while life endureth,
To ſee the changes of this age,
that fleeting time procureth;
For mony a place ſtands in hard caſe,
Where blyth fowk kend nae ſorrow,
With Homes that dwelt on Leader-ſide,
And Scots that dwelt on Yarrow.

For the ſake of ſomebody, -

For the ſake of ſomebody,
For the ſake of ſomebody:
I cou'd wake a winter night,
For the ſake of ſomebody:
I am gawn to ſeek a wife,
I am gawn to buy a plaidy;
I have thee ſtane of woo,
Carling, is thy daughter ready?
For the ſake, &c.

Betty, laſſie, ſay't thyſell,
tho' thy dame be ill to ſhoo,
Firſt we'll buckle, then we'll teel,
Let her flyte and ſyne come too,
What ſignifies a mither's gloom,
When love in kiſſes come in play?
Shou'd we wither in our bloom,
And in ſimmer mak nae hay?
For the ſake, &c.

SHE.

Bonny lad I care na by,
tho' I try my luck with thee,
Since ye are content to tye
the ha'f mark bridal band wi' me;
I'll ſlip hame, and waſh my feet,
And ſteal on linens fair and clean,
Syne at the tryſting-place we'll meet,
to do but what my dame has done.
For the ſake, &c.

HE.

Now my lovely Betty gives
Conſent in ſic a heartſome gate,
It me frae a' my care relieves,
and doubts that gart me aſt look blate.
Then let us gang and get the grace,
For they that have an appetite
Shou'd eat;—and lovers ſhould embrace
If theſe be faults 'tis nature's wyte.
For the ſake, &c.

Norland Jocky and Southland Jenny.

A Southland Jenny; that was right bonny,
Had for a ſuitor a Norland Jonny;
But he was ſican a baſhfu wooer,
That he cou'd ſcarcely ſpeak unto her,
Till blinks of her beauty, and hopes o' her ſiller,
Forc'd him at laſt to tell his mind till her.
My dear, quoth he we'll nae langer tarry,
Gin ye can loo me, let's o'er the moor and marry.

SHE.

Come, come away then, my norland laddie,
Tho' we gang neatly, ſome are more gaudy;
And albeit I have neither gowd nor money,
Come and I'll ware my beauty on thee.

HE.

Ye laſſes of the ſouth, ye're a' for dreſſing;
Laſſes of the north mind milking and threſhing:

My minny wad be angry, and fae wad my daddy,
Shou'd I marry ane as dink as a lady.
For I maun hae a wife that will riſe in the morning,
Crudle a' the milk, and keep the a-ſcaulding,
Toolie with her nibours, and learn at my minny,
A norland Jocky maun hae a norland Jenny.

SHE.

My father's only daughter and twenty thouſand pound
Shall never be beſtow'd on ſic a ſilly clown;
For a' that I ſaid was to try what was in ye,
Goe hame, ye norland Jock, and court your norland Jenny.

The auld yellow-hair'd Laddie.

THE yellow hair'd laddie ſat down on yon brae,
Cries, Milk the ews laſſie, let nane of them gae
And ay ſhe milk'd, and ay ſhe ſang,
The yellow-hair'd laddie ſhall be my goodman.
And ay ſhe milked. &c.
The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin;
The ews are new clipped they winna bught in:
They winna bught in, tho' I ſhou'd die,
O yellow hair'd laddie, be kind to me:
They winna bught in, &c.
The good wife cries butt the houſe, Jenny come ben
The cheeſe is to mak, and the butter to kirn.
Tho' butter, and cheeſe, and a' ſhou'd ſour,
I'll crack and kiſs wi' my love ae ha'f hour;
I'ts ae ha'f hour, and we's e'en make it three,
For the yellow-hair'd laddie my huſband ſhall be.

SONG.

Tune, Booth's *Minuet.*

FAIR, ſweet, and young, receive a prize,
Reſerv'd for your victorious eyes:
From crouds whom at your feet you ſee,
Oh! pity, and diſtinguiſh me.

No graces can your form improve;
But all are loſt unleſs you love:
If that dear paſſion you diſdain,
Your charms and beauty are in vain.

Part of an Epilogue, *ſung after the acting of the* Orphan *and* Gentle Shepherd *in* Taylors hall, *by a ſet of young gentlemen,* Jan. 22 1729.

Tune, *Beſſy Bell.*

THUS let's ſtudy night and day,
To fit us for our ſtation,
That when we're men, we parts may play
Are uſeful to our nation.
For now's the time, when we are young,
To fix our views on merit,
Water its buds and make the tongue
And actions ſuit the ſpirit

This all the fair and wiſe approve,
We know it by your ſmiling,
And while we gain reſpect and love,
Our ſtudies are not toiling.
Such application gives delight,
And in the end, proves gainful,
Tho' many a dark and lifeleſs wight
May think it hard and painful.

Then never let us think our time
And care when thus employ'd,
Are thrown away, but deem't a crime,
When youth's by ſloth deſtroy'd;
'Tis only active ſouls can riſe
to fame, and all that's ſplendid,
And favour in thoſe conquering eyes,
'Gainſt whom no heart's defended.

The generous Gentlemen. A Sang.

Tune, *The bonny Laſs of Brankſome.*

As I came in by Teviot ſide,
And by the braes of Brankſome,
Then firſt I ſaw my bonny bride
Young, ſmiling, ſweet, and handſome;
Her ſkin was ſafter than the down,
and white as alabaſter;
Her hair a ſhining wavy brown,
In ſtraightneſs nane ſurpaſs'd her:

Life glow'd upon her neck and cheek,
Her clear een were ſurpriſing,
And beautifully turn'd her neck,
Her little breaſts juſt riſing,
Nae ſilken hoſe, with goonets fine,
Or ſhoon with glancing laces,
On her fair leg, forbade to ſhine,
Well ſhapen native graces.

Ae little coat, and bodice white,
Was ſum of a' her claithing;
Even that's o'er meikle; mair delyte
She'd given clad with naething:
She lean'd upon a flow'ry brae,
By which a burnie trotted:
On her I glowr'd my ſoul away,
While on her ſweets I doted.

A thouſand beauties of deſert
Before had ſcarce alarm'd me,
Till this dear artleſs ſtruck my heart,
And bot deſigning, charm'd me.
Hurry'd by love, cloſe to my breaſt
I graſp'd this ſund of bliſſes;
Wha ſmil'd, and ſaid, Without a prieſt,
Sir hope for nought but kiſſes.

I had nae heart to do her harm,
And yet I cou'dna want her;
What ſhe demanded ilka charm
Of hers pled I ſhou'd grant her.
Since Heaven had dealt to me a rowth,
Straight to the kirk I led her,
There plighting her my faith and trowth,
And a young lady made her.

The Happy Clown.

How Happy is the rural clown,
Who far remov'd from noiſe of town,
Contemns the glory of a crown,
And in his ſaſe retreat,
Is pleaſed with his low degree,
Is rich in decent poverty,
From ſtrife, from care and bus'neſs free,
At once baith good and great!

No drums diſturb his morning ſleep
He fears no danger of the deep,
Nor noiſy law, nor courts ne'er heap,
Vexation on his mind.
No trumpets rouſe him to the war,
No hopes can bribe, no threats can dare;
From ſtate intrigues he holds aſar,
And liveth unconfin'd.

Like thoſe in golden ages born,
He labours, gently to adorn

His ſmall paternal fields of corn,
And on their product feeds:
Each ſeaſon of the wheeling year,
Induſtrious he improves with care;
And ſtill ſome ripen'd fruits appear,
So well his toil ſucceeds.

Now by a ſilver ſtream he lies,
And angels with his baits and flies,
And next the ſylvan ſcene he tries,
His ſpirit to regale;
Now from the rock or height he views
His fleecy flock, or teeming cows,
Then tunes his reed, or tries his muſe,
that waits his honeſt call.

Amidſt his harmleſs eaſy joys,
No care his peace of mind deſtroys,
Nor does he paſs his time in toys
Beneath his juſt regard:
He's fond to feel the zephyrs breeze,
To plant and ſned his tender trees:
And for attending well his bees,
Enjoys the ſweet reward.

The flow'ry meads, and ſilent coves,
The ſcenes of faithful rural loves,
And warbling birds on blooming groves
Afford a wiſh'd delight:
But O! how pleaſant is this life,
Bleſs'd with a chaſte and virtuous wife,
And children prattling without ſtrife,
Around his fire at night.

Willy was a wanton Wag.

Willy was a wanton wag,
the blytheſt lad that e'er I ſaw,
At bridals ſtill he bore the brag,
And carried ay the gree awa:
His doublet was of Zetland ſhag,
And wow! but Willy he was braw,
And at his ſhoulder hang a tag,
that pleas'd the laſſes beſt of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw;
And ay whatever Willy ſaid,
It was ſtill hadden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the weapon ſhaw,
Upon the green name durſt him brag,
the ſint a ane amang them a'.

And was not Willy well worth gowd?
He wan the love of great and ſma';
For after he the bride had kiſs'd,
He kiſs'd the laſſes hale ſale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When be the hand he led them a',
And ſmack on ſmack on them beſtow'd,
By virtue of a ſtanding law.

And was na Willy a great lown,
As ſhyre a lick as e'er was ſeen?
When he danc'd with the laſſes round,
the bridegroom ſpeer'd where he had been.
Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,
With bobbing ſaith my ſhanks are ſair,
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For Willy he now do nae mair.

Then reſt ye, Willy I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring.

But ſhame light on his ſouple ſnout,
He wanted Willy's wanton fling.
Then ſtraight he to the bride did fare,
Says, Well's me on your bonny face,
With bobbing Willy's ſhanks are fair,
And I am come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, ſhe ſays, you'll ſpoil the dance,
And at the ring you'll a' be lag,
Unleſs, like Willy ye advance;
(O! Willy has a wanton leg;)
For wi't he learns us a' to ſteer,
And foremoſt ay he bears up the ring;
He will find nae ſic dancing here,
If we want Willy's wanton fling.

CELIA's Reflections on herſelf for ſlighting PHILANDER's Love.

Tune, *The gallant ſhoemaker.*

YOUNG Philander woo'd me lang,
But I was peeviſh and forbad him,
I wadna' tent his loving ſang;
But now I wiſh, I wiſh I had him:
Ilk morning when I view my glaſs,
Then I perceive my beauty going
And when the wrinkles ſeize the face
Then we may bid adieu to wooing.

My beauty, anes ſo much admir'd,
I find it fading faſt, and flying,
My cheeks, which coral like appear'd,
Grow pale the broken blood decaying
Ah! we may ſee ourſelves to be,
Like ſummer fruit that is unſhaken;
When ripe they ſoon fall down and die,
And by corruption quickly taken.

Uſe then your time, ye virgins fair,
Employ your day before 'tis evil;

Fiſteen is a ſeaſon rare,
But five and twenty is the devil,
Juſt when ripe, conſent unto't,
Hug nae mair your lanely pillow;
Women are like other fruit,
They loſe their reliſh when too mellow.

If opportunity be loſt,
You'll find it hard to be regain'd;
Which now I may tell to my coſt,
Tho' but myſell nane can be blamed:
If then your fortune ye reſpect,
Take the occaſion when it offers
Nor a true lovers ſuit neglect,
Leſt you be ſcoff'd for being ſcoffers.

I, by his fond expreſſions, thought,
That in his love he'd ne'er prove changing
But now alas! 'tis turn'd to nought,
And paſt my hope he's gane a ranging.
Dear maidens then take my advice,
And let na coyneſs prove your ruin;
For if ye be o'er fooliſh nice,
Your ſuitors will give over wooing.

Then *maidens auld* you nam'd will be,
And in that fretſu rank be number'd,
As lang as life; and when you die,
With leading apes be ever cumber'd;
A puniſhment, and hated brand,
With which nane of us are contented;
Then be not wiſe behind the hand,
That the miſtake may be prevented.

The young ladies Thanks to the repenting Virgin, for her ſeaſonable Advice.

O Virgin kind? we canna tell
How many thanks we owe you

For pointing out to us ſae well
Thoſe very rocks that did o'erthrow you;
And we your leſſon ſae ſhall mind
That e'en tho' a' our kin had ſwore it,
Ere we ſhall be an hour behind,
We'll take a year or twa before it.

We'll catch all winds blaw in our ſails,
And ſtill keep out our flag and pinnet
If young Philander anes aſſails
To ſtorm loves fort, then he ſhall win it
We may indeed, for modeſty,
Preſent our forces for reſiſtance;
But we ſhall quickly lay them by,
And contribute to his aſſiſtance.

The Stepdaughter's Relief.

Tune, *The kirk wad let me be.*

I WAS anes a well tocher'd laſs,
My mither left dollars to me;
But now I'm brought to a poor paſs
My ſtepdame has gart them flee.
My father he's aften frae hame,
And ſhe plays the deel with his gear
She neither has lawtith nor ſhame,
And keeps the hale houſe in a ſteer.

She's barmy fac'd, thriftleſs, and bauld,
And gars me aft fret and repine;
While hungry, ha'f nak'd and cauld.
I ſee her deſtroy what's mine.
But ſoon I might hope a revenge,
And ſoon of my ſorrows be free,
My poortith to plenty wad change,
If ſhe were hung up on a tree.

Quoth Ringan, wha lang time had loo'd
This bonny laſs tenderly,

I'll take thee, ſweet May, in thy ſnood,
Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.
'Tis only yourſell that I want,
Your kindneſs is better to me
Then a' that your ſtepmother, ſcant
Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, 'tis true,
And ye are the ſprout of a laird;
But I have milk-cattle enow,
And rowth of good rucks in my yard;
Ye ſhall have naething to faſh ye,
Sax ſervants ſhall jouk to thee;
Then kilt up thy coats, my laſſie,
And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reaſon employ'd,
Not thinking the offer amiſs,
Conſented;—while Ringan o'erjoy'd,
Receiv'd her with mony a kiſs.
And now ſhe ſits blythly ſingan,
And joking her drunken ſtepdame,
Delighted with her dear Ringan,
That makes her goodwife at hame.

Jeany, where has thou been?

O Jeany, Jeany, where has thou been?
Father and mother are ſeeking of thee;
Ye have been ranting, playing the wanton,
Keeping of Jocky company.
O Betty, *I've been to hear the mill clack,*
Getting meal ground for the family;
As ſow as it gade I brang hame the ſack,
For the miller has taken nae mowter frae me.

Ha! Jeany, Jeany, there's meal on your back,
the miller's a wanton Billy, and ſlee;
Tho' victual's come hame again hale, what-reck,
I fear he has taken the mowter aff thee.

And, Betty, ye ſpread your linnen to bleach,
When that was done, where cou'd you be?
Ha! laſs, I ſaw ye ſlip down the hedge,
And wanton Willy was following thee.

Ay, Jeany, Jeany, ye gade to the kirk,
But when it ſkail'd, where cou'd thou be?
Ye came na hame till it was mirk,
they ſay the kiſſing clerk came wi' ye.
O ſilly, laſſie what wilt thou do?
If thou grow great, they'll heez thee hie.
Look to yourſelf; if Jock prove true,
The clerk frae creepies will keep me free.

SONG.

Tune, *Laſt time I came o'er the moor.*

Ye blytheſt lads, and laſſes gay,
Hear what my ſang diſcloſes,
As I ae morning ſleeping lay
Upon a bank of roſes,
Young Jamie whiſking o'er the mead
By good luck chanc'd to ſpy me;
He took his bonnet aff his head,
And ſaftly ſat down by me.

Jamie tho' I right meikle priz'd,
Yet now I wadna ken him:
But with a frown my face diſguis'd,
And ſtrave away to ſend him;
But fondly he ſtill nearer preſt,
And by my ſide down lying,
His beating heart thumped ſae faſt,
I thought the lad was dying.

But ſtill reſolving to deny,
And angry paſſion feigning,
I aften roughly ſhot him by,
With words full of diſdaining.

Poor Jamie bawk'd, nae favour wins,
Went aff much diſcontented;
But I in truth, for a' my ſins,
Ne'er haff ſae ſair repented.

The Cock-Laird.

A Cock laird fou' cadgie,
With Jenny did meet,
He haws'd her, he kiſs'd her,
And ca'd her his ſweet.
Wilt thou gae alang
Wi' me, Jenny, Jenny?
Thouſe be my ain lemman,
Jo Jenny, quoth he,

If I gae alang wi' ye,
Ye mauna fail
To feaſt me with caddels
And good hacket kail.
The deel's in your nicety,
Jenny quoth he,
Mayna bannocks of beer-meal
Be as good for thee?

And I maun hae pinners
with pearling ſet round,
A ſkirt of puddy,
And a waiſtcoat of brown.
Awa with ſic vanities,
Jenny, quoth he,
For Kurchis and kirtles
Are fitter for thee.
My lairdſhip can yield me
As meikle a-year,
As had us in pottage
And good knockit beer:

But having nae tenants,
O Jenny, Jenny,
To buy ought I ne'er have
A penny quoth he.
The borrowſtown merchants
Will ſell ye on tick,
For we maun hae braw things,
Albeit they ſound break.
When broken frae care
the fools are ſet free,
When we make them lairds
In the Abbey, quoth ſhe.

SODGER LADDIE.

My ſodger laddie is over the ſea,
And he will bring gold and money to me;
And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady;
My bleſſing gang with my ſodger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handſome and brave,
And can as a ſodger and lover behave;
True to his country, to love he is ſteady,
There's few to compare with my ſodger laddie.

Shield him ye angels, frae death in alarms,
Return him with laurels to my langing arms;
Syne frae all my care he'll pleaſantly free me,
When back to my wiſhes my ſodger ye gie me.

O ſoon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
As quickly they muſt, if he get his due:
For in noble actions his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my ſodger laddie.

The Archer's March.

Sound, ſound the muſic ſound it,
Let hills and dales rebound it,
Let hills and dales rebound it,
In praiſe of archery:
Its origin divine is,
The practice brave and fine is,
Which generouſly inclines us
To guard our liberty.

Art by the gods employed,
By which Heroes enjoyed,
By which Heroes enjoyed
The wreaths of victory.
The deity of Parnaſſus,
The god of ſaft careſſes,
Chaſte Cynthia and her laſſes,
Delight in archery.

See, ſee yon bow extended!
'Tis Jove himſelf that bends it,
'Tis Jove himſelf that bends it,
O'er clouds on high it glows.
All nations, Turks and Parthians,
The Tartars and the Scythians,
The Arabs, Moors, and Indians,
With bravery draw their bows.

Our own true records tell us,
That none cou'd e'er excel us,
That none cou'd e'er excel us
In martial archery:
With ſhafts our ſires engaging,
Oppos'd the Romans raging,
Defeat the fierce Norwegian,
And ſpar'd few Danes to flee.

Witneſs Largs and Loncartie,
Dunkel and Aberlemny,
Dunkel and Aberlemny,
Roſſin and Bannockburn,
The Cheviots——all the border,
Were bowmen in brave order,
Told enemies, if ſurder
They mov'd, they'd ne'er return.
Sound, ſound the muſic, ſound it,
Let hills and dales rebound it,
Let hills and dales rebound it,
In praiſe of archery.
Us'd as a game pleaſes,
The mind to joy it raiſes,
And throws off all diſeaſes
Of lazy luxury.

Largs, where the Norwegians, headed by their valiant King HACO, were, *anno*, 1263, totally defeated by ALEXANDER III. King of Scots, the heroic ALEXANDER, great ſteward of Scotland, commanded the right wing.

Loncartie, near Perth, where King Kenneth III. obtained the victory over the Danes, which was principally owing to the valour and reſolution of the firſt brave Hay, and his two ſons.

Dunkel, here, and in Kyle, and on the banks of Tay, our great King Corbredus Galdus, in three battles, overthrew 30,000 Romans, in the reign of the Emperor Domitian.

Aberlemny, four miles from Brechin, where King Malcom II. obtained a glorious victory over the united armies of Danes, Norwegians, and Cumbrians, &c. commanded by Sueno King of Denmark, and his warlike ſon Prince Canute.

Roſlin, about five miles ſouth of Edinburgh, where 10,000 Scots, led by Sir John Cumin and Sir Simon Fraſer, defeated in three battles, in one day, 30,000 of their enemies, *anno* 1303.

The battles of Banhockburn and Cheviot, &c. are ſo well known, that they require no notes.

Now, now our care beguiling,
When all the year looks ſmiling,
When all the year looks ſmiling,
With healthful Harmony;
The ſun in glory glowing,
With morning-dew beſtowing,
Sweet fragrance, life, and growing,
To flowers and every tree.
'Tis now the archers royal,
An hearty band and loyal,
An hearty band and loyal,
that in juſt thoughts agree.
Appear in ancient bravery,
Deſpiſing all baſe knavery,
Which tends to bring in ſlavery
Souls worthy to live free.
Sound, ſound the muſic, ſound it,
Fill up the glaſs and round wi't,
Fill up the glaſs and round wi't,
Health and proſperity,
T' our great CHIEF and officers,
T' our Preſident and Counſellors:
To all who, like their brave forbears,
Delight in archery.

The following SONGS *ſung in their proper places, at acting of the* Gentle Shepherd.

SANG I. *The wauking of the fauld.*

Sung by PATIE.

My Peggy is a young thing,
Juſt enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and ſweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wiſh nae mair, to lay my care,
I wiſh nae mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But ſhe gars a' my ſpirits glow
At wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly.
Whene'er I whiſper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naething gi'es me ſic delight,
As wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the reſt it is confeſs'd,
By a' the reſt, that ſhe ſings beſt.
My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly,
And in her ſangs are tald,
With innocence, the wale of ſenſe,
At wauking of the fauld.

SANG II. *Fy gar rub her o'er with ſtrae.*

Sung by PATIE.

DEAR Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And anſwer kindneſs with a ſlight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight
But them deſpiſe who're ſoon defeat,
And with a ſimple face give way
To a repulſe;—then be not blate,
Puſh bauldly on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language of their een
If theſe agree, and ſhe perſiſt
To anſwer all your love with hate,
Seek elſewhere to be better bleſs'd,
And let her ſigh when 'tis too late.'

SANG III. *Polwart on the green.*

Sung by PEGGY.

THE dorty will repent,
If lovers heart grow cauld,
And nane her ſmiles will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld.
The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
Nor eats, tho hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
And's laugh'd at by the lave;
They jeſt it till the dinner's paſt:
Thus, by itſelf abuſ'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to faſt,
Or eat what they've refus'd.

SANG IV. *O dear mother, what ſhall I do?*

Sung by JENNY.

O DEAR Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to truſt his ſmiling:
Better far to do as I do,
Leſt a harder luck betide you
Laſſes, when their fancy's carry'd,
Think of nought but to be marry'd
Running to a life deſtroys
Heartſome, free, and youthfu' joys.

SANG V. *How can I be ſad on my wedding-day?*

Sung by PEGGY.

How ſhall I be ſad when a huſband I hae,
That has better ſenſe than ony of thae
Sour weak ſilly fellows, that ſtudy like fools
To ſink their ain joy, and mak their wives ſnools?
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or with dull reproaches encourages ſtriſe;
He praiſes her virtues, and ne'er will abuſe
Her for a ſmall failing, but find an excuſe.

SANG VI. *Nancy's to the green wood gane.*

Sung by JENNY.

I Yield, dear laſſie, ye have won,
And there is nae denying,
That ſure as light flies frae the ſun,
Frae love proceeds complying;
For a' that we can do or ſay
'Gainſt love, nae thinker heeds us?
They ken our boſoms lodge the fae
that by the heart ſtrings leads us.

SANG VII. *Cauld kail in Aberdeen.*

Sung by Glaud or Symon.

CAULD be the rebels caſt,
Oppreſſors baſe and bloody,
I hope we'll ſee them at the laſt
Strung a' up in a woody.
Bleſt be he of worth and ſenſe,
And ever high his ſtation,
That bravely ſtands in the defence
Of conſcience, king, and nation.

SANG VIII. *Mucking of Geordy's byre.*

Sung by Symon.

THE laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive, ſhould be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor tenants wha labour
To riſe aboon poverty?
Elſe, like the pack horſe that's unfother'd,
And burden'd, will tumble down faint;
Thus virtue by hardſhip is ſmother'd,
And rackers aft tyne their rent.

SANG IX. *Carle and the King.*

Sung by Mauſe.

PEGGY, now the king's come,
Peggy now the king's come,
Thou may dance and I ſhall ſing,
Peggy, ſince the king's come.
Nae mair the haukies thou ſhalt milk,
But change thy plaiding coat for ſilk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, ſince the king's come.

SANG X. *Winter was cauld and my claithing was thin.*

Sung by Peggy and Patie.

PEGGY.

WHEN firſt my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ew-milking firſt ſey'd my young ſkill,
To bear the milk bowie, na pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

PATIE.

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blew heather bells,
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and ſweet riſing ſells,

Nae birns, brier, or breckens gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wreſtled or putted the ſtane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain;
Thy ilka ſport manly gave pleaſure to me,
For nane can put, wreſtle, or run ſwift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny ſings ſaftly the *Cowden Iroom knows*,
And Roſie lilts ſweetly the *Milking the ews;*
There's few *Jenny Nettles* like Nancy can ſing,
At *Throw the wood laddie*, Beſs gars our lugs ring;
But when my dear Peggy ſing with better ſkill,
The *Boat-man Tweed-ſide*, or the *Laſs of the mill*,
'Tis many times ſweeter and pleaſing to me;
For tho' they ſing nicely they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How eaſy can laſſes trow what they deſire;
And praiſes ſae kindly increaſes love's fire;
Give me ſtill this pleaſure my ſtudy ſhall be
To make myſelf better and ſweeter for thee.

SANG XI. *By the delicious warmneſs of thy mouth.*
Sung by PATIE and PEGGY,
Printed in the PASTORAL, *and in this* MISCELLANY
Vol I p. 75.

SANG XII. *Happy Clown.*

Sung by Sir William.

HID from himſelf, now by the dawn
He ſtarts as freſh as roſes blawn,
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleating flocks;

Healthful, and innocently gay
He chants and, whiſtles out the day;
Untaught to ſmile and then betray,
Like courtly weather cocks.
Life happy from ambition free,
Envy and vile hypocriſy,
Where truth and love with joys agree
Unſully'd with a crime;
Unmov'd with what diſturbs the great
In propping of their pride and ſtate,
He lives, and, unafraid of fate,
Contented ſpends his time.

SANG XIII. *Leith-wind.*

Sung by JENNY and ROGER.

WERE I aſſur'd you'll conſtant prove,
You ſhould nae mair complain,
The eaſy mind beſet with love,
Few words will quickly gain;
For I muſt own now ſince you're free
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang a black-ſole true to thee,
Wiſh'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

I'm happy now, ah! let my head
Upon thy breaſt recline;
The pleaſure ſtrikes me nearhand dead?
Is Jenny then ſae kind!—
O let me birſs thee to my heart;
And round my arms entwine;
Delytful thought? we'll never part;
Come preſs thy mouth to mine.

SANG XIV *O'er Bogie.*

Sung by JENNY.

WELL, I agree, you're ſure of me;
Next to my father gae,
Make him content to give conſent,
He'll hardly ſay you nay:
For you have what he wad be at,
And will commend you weel,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld
Where bairns want milk and meal.

Shou'd he deny, I cerena by,
He'd contradict in vain.
Tho' a' my kin had ſaid and ſworn,
But thee I will have nane.
Then never range nor learn to change,
Like, thoſe in high degree:
And if you prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae fault in me,

SANG XV. *Wat ye wha I met yeſtreen.*

Sung by Sir WILLIAM.

Now from ruſticity, and love,
Whoſe flames but over lowly burn,
My gentle ſhepherd muſt be drove,
His ſoul muſt take another turn;
As the rough diamond from the mine,
In breaking only ſhews its light,
Till poliſhing has made it ſhine;
Thus learning makes the genius bright.

SANG XVI. *Kirk wad let me be.*

Sung by PATIE.

DUTY and part of reaſon
Plead ſtrong on the parents ſide,
Which love ſuperior calls treaſon;
The ſtrongeſt muſt be obey'd;
For now, tho I'm on of the gentry,
My conſtancy falſhood repels;
For change on my heart has no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excels.

SANG XVII. *Woes my heart that we ſhould ſunder.*

Sung by PEGGY.

SPEAK on,—ſpeak thus, and ſtill my grief,
Hold up a heart that's ſinking under
Theſe fears, that ſoon will want relief,
When Pate muſt from his Peggy ſunder.
A gentler face, and ſilk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's bloſſom,
Alake poor me! will now conſpire
To ſteal thee from thy Peggy's boſom.

No more the ſhepherd who excell'd
The reſt, whoſe wit made them to wonder
Shall now his Peggie's praiſes tell;
Ah; I can die but never ſunder.
Ye meadows where we often ſtray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander
Sweet ſcented rucks, round which we play'd
You'll loſe your ſweets when we're aſunder.

Again, Ah! ſhall I never creep
Around the know with ſilent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while aſleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty?

Hear, heaven, while ſolemnly I vow,
Tho' thou ſhouldſt prove a wand'ring lover,
Thro' life to thee I ſhall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

SANG XVIII. *Tweed-ſide.*

Sung by PEGGY.

WHEN hope was quite ſunk in deſpair,
My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthleſs my care,
But now I will ſav't for thy ſake.
Where'er my love travels by day,
Where-ever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image ſhall ſtay,
And my ſoul keep him ever in ſight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,
And ſtudy the gentleſt charms;
Hope time away till thou appear,
To lock thee for ay in my arms.
Whilſt thou waſt a ſhepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life;
But now I'll endeavour to riſe
To a height that's becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only ſkin deep,
Muſt fade like the gowans in May;
But inwardly rooted will keep
For ever without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes, of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the huſband have ſenſe to approve.

SANG XIX. *Buſh aboon Traquair.*

Sung by PEGGY.

At ſetting day and riſing morn,
With ſoul that ſtill ſhall love thee,
I'll aſk of heav'n thy ſafe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll viſit oft the birken buſh,
Where firſt thou kindly told me.
Sweet tales of love, and hid my bluſh,
Whilſt round thou didſt infold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood, ſhaw, or fountain;
Or where the ſummer day I'd ſhare
With thee, upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

SANG XX. *Bonny grey-ey'd morn.*

Sung by Sir WILLIAM.

The bonny grey-ey'd morning begins to peep,
And darkneſs flies before the riſing ray,
The hearty hynd ſtarts from his lazy ſleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day;
Without a guilty ſting to wrinkle his brow,
The lark and the linnet 'tend his levee,
And he joins their concert, driving his plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While fluſter'd with wine, or madden'd with loſs
Of half an eſtate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gameſter tumble and toſs,
Wiſhing for calmneſs and ſlumber in vain.

Be my portion health and quietneſs of mind,
Plac'd at due diſtance from parties and ſtate,
Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happineſs link'd to his fate.

On our Ladies being dreſſed in Scots manufactory, at a public Aſſembly.

S O N G.

Tune, *O'er the hills and far away.*

Let meaner beauties uſe their art,
And range both Indies for their dreſs
Our fair can captivate the heart
In native weeds, nor look the leſs.
More bright unborrow'd beauties ſhine,
The artleſs ſweetneſs of each face
Sparkles with luſture more divine,
When freed of every foreign grace.

The tawny nymph on ſcorching plains,
May uſe the aid of gems and paint,
Deck with brocade and Tyrian ſtains
Features of ruder form and taint
What Caledonian ladies wear,
Or from the lint or woollen twine,
Adorn'd by all their ſweets, appear
Whate'er we can imagine fine.

Apparel neat becomes the fair,
The dirty dreſs may lovers cool;
But clean, our maids need have no care,
If clad in linnen, ſilk or wool.
T' adore Myrtilla who can ceaſe?
Her *active charms* our praiſe demand,
Claid in a mantua, from the fleece,
Spun by her own delighted hand.

Who can behold Celiſta's eyes,
Her breaſt, her cheek, and ſnowy arms.

And mind what artiſts can deviſe,
To rival more ſuperior charms?
Compar'd with thoſe, the diamond's dull
Lawns, ſatins, and the velvets fade;
The ſoul with her attractions full
Can never be by theſe betray'd.

Sapphira, all o'er native ſweets,
Not the falſe glare of dreſs regards.
Her wit, her character completes
Her ſmile her lovers ſighs rewards.
When ſuch firſt beauties lead the way,
Th' inferior rank will follow ſoon;
Then arts no longer ſhall decay
But trade encourag'd be in tune.

Millions of fleeces ſhall be wove,
And flax that on the valleys blooms
Shall make the naked nations love
And bleſs the labours of our looms:
We have enough, nor want from them
But trifles hardly worth our care
Yet for theſe trifles let them claim
What food and clothes we have to ſpare.

How happy's Scotland in her fair
Her amiable daughters ſhall
By acting thus with virtuous care,
Again the golden age recall
Enjoying them, Edina ne'er
Shall miſs a court but ſoon advance
In wealth, when thus the lov'd appear
Around the ſcenes or in the dance.

Barbarity ſhall yield to ſenſe,
And lazy pride to uſeful arts
When ſuch dear angels in defence
Of virtue thus engage their hearts
Bleſſ'd guardians of our joys and wealth
True fountains of delight and love,

Long bloom your charms fix'd be your health
Till tir'd with earth ye mount above.

HARDYKNUTE.

A fragment of an old heroic ballad.

I.

STATELY ſtept he eaſt the wa',
And ſtately ſtept he weſt,
Full ſeventy years he now had ſeen,
With ſcarce ſeven years of reſt
He liv'd when Briton's breach of faith
Wrought Scotland meikle wae,
And ay his ſword tauld to their coſt,
He was their deadly fae.

II.

Hie on a hill his caſtle ſtude,
With halls and towers a hight
And guidly chambers fair to ſee,
Where he lodg'd mony a knight.
His dame fae pierleſs anes and fair,
For chaſte and beauty deimt,
Nae marrow had in all the land;
Save Elenor the Queen.

III.

Full thirteen ſons to him ſhe bare,
All men of valour ſtout:
In bluidy fight, with ſword in hand,
Nyne loſt their lives bot doubt;
Four yet remain, lang may they live
To ſtand by leige and land;
Hie was their fame hie was their might,
And hie was their command.

IV.

Great love they bare to Fairly fair,
Their ſiſter ſaft and dear,
Her girdle ſhawd her middle jimp,
And gowden gliſt her hair.
What waefu' wae her bewtie bred?
Waefou to young and auld,

Waefou I trou to kyth and kin,
As ſtory ever tauld.

V.

The king of Norſe in ſummer-tide,
Puſt up with power and might,
Landed in fair Scotland the iſle,
With mony a hardy knight:
The tidings to our gude Scots King
Came as he ſat at dyne,
With noble chiefs in brave array,
Drinking the blude-red wyne.

VI.

"To horſe, to horſe, my royal leige,
"Your faes ſtand on the ſtrand,
"Full twenty thouſand glittering ſpears
"The King of Norſe commands."
Bring me my ſteed, Madge, dapple gray,
Our gude king raiſe and cry'd;
A truſtier beaſt in all the land
A Scots king never ſey'd.

VII.

Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on hill ſo hie,
To draw his ſword the dreid of faes,
And haſte and follow me.
The little page flew ſwift as dart
Flung by his maſter's arm,
Come down, come down, Lord Hardyknute,
And rend your king frae harm.

VIII.

Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown cheiks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow;
His looks grew keen as they were wont
In dangers great to do;
He has tane a horn as green as graſs,
And gien five thouſands ſae ſhrill,
That trees in green wood ſhook thereat.
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

IX.

His ſons in manly ſport and glie,
Had paſt the ſummer's morn.

When lo! down in a graſſy dale,
They heard their father's horn,
That horn quoth they ne'er ſounds in peace,
We have other ſport to byde;
And ſoon they hey'd them up the hill,
And ſoon were at his ſyde.

X.

Late late yeſtreen I weind in peace,
To end my lenthned life,
My age might well excuſe my arm
Frae manly feats of ſtriſe;
But now that Norſe does proudly boaſt
Fair Scotland to enthrall,
Its ne'er be ſaid of Hardyknute,
He fear'd to fight or fall.

XI.

Robin of Rothſay, bend thy bow,
Thy arrow ſhoot ſo leil,
Mony a comely countenance
They have turn'd to deidly pale:
Brade Thomas, tak ye but your lance,
Ye neid nae weapons mair,
Gif ye fight weit as he did anes
'Gainſt Weſtmorland's fierce heir.

XII.

Malcom, light of foot as ſtag
That runs in foreſt wyld,
Get me my thouſands three of men
Well bred to ſword and ſhield;
Bring me my horſe ane harniſine,
My blade of metal cleir
If faes kend but the hand it bare,
They ſoon had fled for fear.

XIII

Farewell' my dame ſae pierleſs good
And took her by the hand.
Fairer to me in age you ſeem,
Than maids for beauty fam'd:

My youngeſt ſon ſall here remain
To guard theſe ſtately towirs,
And ſhut the ſilver bolt that keips
Sae faſt your painted bowirs.

XIV.

And firſt ſhe wet her comely cheiks,
And then her boddice green
Her ſilken cords of twirtle twiſt,
Weil plet with ſilver ſheen;
And apron ſet with mony a dyce
Of needle wark ſae rare,
Wove by nae hand as ye may gueſs,
Save that of Fairly fair.

XV.

And he has ridden owre muir and moſs
Owre hills and mony a glen
When he came to a wounded knight
Making a heavy mane;
Here maun I lye here maun I dye
By treacherous falſe Gyles
Witleſs I was that e'er gave faith
To wicked womans ſmyles.

XVI.

Sir Knight, gin ye were in my bowir
To lean on ſilken ſeat,
My lady's kindly care you'd prove
Wha neir kend deidly hate
Hirſelf wald watch ye all the day,
Hir maids a deid of nicht
And Fairly fair your heart wald cheir
As ſhe ſtands in your ſight

XVII.

Ariſe young knight and mount your ſteid
Full lowns the ſhynand day,
Chuſe frae my menzie whom ye pleaſe
To lead ye on the way.
With ſmyleſs look and viſage wan,
The wounded knight reply'd,

Kind chiftain, your intent purſue,
For heir I maun abyde.

XVIII.

To me nae after day nor night
Can eir be ſweet or fair,
But ſoon beneath ſome drapping trie,
Cauld death ſall end my care.
With him nae pleading might prevail,
Brave Hardyknute to gain,
With faireſt words and reaſon ſtrang,
Strave courteouſly in vain.

XIX.

Syne he has gane far hind attowre,
Lord Chattan's land ſae wyde,
That lord a worthy wight was ay,
When faes his courage ſey'd:
Of Pictiſh race by mother's ſyde,
When Picts rul'd Caledon,
Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid,
When he ſav'd Pictiſh crown.

XX.

Now with his fierce and ſtalwart train,
He reach'd a riſing height,
Whair braid encampit on the dale,
Norſe army lay in ſight;
Yonder; my valiant ſons and ſeirs,
Our raging ravers wait
On the unconquer'd Scottiſh ſwaird,
To try with us their fate.

XXI.

Mak oriſons to him that ſav'd
Our ſauls upon the rude,
Syne bravely ſhaw your veins are fill'd
With Caledonian blude.
Then furth he drew his truſty glaive,
While thouſands all around,
Drawn frae their ſheaths glanc'd in the ſun,
And loud the bougils ſound.

XXII.

To join his king adoun the hill
In haſte his march he made,
Whyle, play and pibrochs minſtralls meit
Afore him ſtately ſtrade.
Thryſe welcome valiant ſtop of weir,
Thy nation's ſhield and pryde;
Thy king nae reaſon has to feir
When thou art by his ſyde.

XXIII.

When bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
For thrang ſcarce could they ſlie,
The darts clave arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the tree.
Lang did they rage and fight ſull fierce,
With little ſkaith to man.
But bluddy, bluddy was the field,
Or that lang day was dane.

XXIV.

The king of Scots that ſidle bruik'd
The war that look'd like play,
Drew his braid ſword, and brake his bow
Sen bows ſeimt but delay:
Quoth noble Rothſay, Myne I'll keip,
I wate its bled a ſcore.
Haſte up my merry men cry'd the king,
As he rade on before.

XXV.

The king of Norſe he ſought to find,
With him to menſe the fight,
But on his forehead there did light
A ſharp unſonſie ſhaft;
As he his hand put up to find
The wound; an arrow keen,
O waefou chance! there pinn'd his hand
In midſt between his een.

XXVI.

Revenge, revenge, cry'd Rothſay's heir,
Your mail-coat ſall nooht byde

The ſtrength and ſharpneſs of my dart:
Then ſent it through his ſyde;
Another arrow weil he mark'd,
It piere'd his neck in twa,
His hands then quat the ſilver reins
He laigh as eard did ſa.

XXVII.

Sair blieds my liege ſair, ſair he blieds,
Again with might he drew
And geſture dreid his ſturdy bow,
Faſt the braid arrow flew.
Wae to the kight he ettled at
Lament now Queen Elgried;
Hie dames too waill your darling's fall
His youth and comely meid.

XXVIII.

Tak aff, tak aff his coſtly jupe:
(Of gold weil was it twin'd,
Knit lyke the fowlers net, through which
His ſteilly harneſs ſhyn'd);
Take, Norſe, that giſt frae me, and bid
Him venge the blude it beirs
Say, if he face my bended bow,
He ſure nae weapon feirs.

XXIX.

Proud Norſe, with giant body tall
Braid ſhoulders and arms ſtrong
Cry'd, Where is Hardyknute ſae fam'd,
And fear'd at Britain's throne?
The britons tremble at his name,
I ſoon ſhall make him wail
That eir my ſword was ſae ſharp
Sae faſt his coat of mail.

XXX.

That brag his ſtout heart could na byde,
It lent him youthful might:
I'm Hardyknute this day, he cry'd,
To Scotland's king I height.

To lay thee law as horſes huſe
My word I mean to keip:
Syne with the firſt ſtrake eir he ſtrake,
He garr'd his body bleid.

XXXI.

Norſe een lyke gray goſehawks ſtair'd wyld
He ſight with ſhame and ſpyte;
Diſgrac'd is now my far fam'd arm
That left thee power to ſtrike:
Then gave his head a blaw ſae ſell
It made him down to ſtoup,
As law as he to ladies us'd
In courtly gyſe to lout.

XXXII.

Full ſoon he rais'd his bent body,
His bow he marvell'd ſair,
Sen blaws till then on him but darr'd
As touch of Fairly fair:
Norſe ferliet too as ſair as he
To ſee his ſtately look,
Sae ſoon as eir he ſtrake a ſae
Sae ſoon his life he took.

XXXIII.

Whair lyke a fyre to heather ſet,
Bauld Thomas did advance,
A ſturdy ſae with look enrag'd
Up to him did prance;
He ſpurr'd his ſteid through thickeſt rank
The hardy youth to quell,
Wha ſtood unmov'd at his reproach
His fury to repell.

XXXIV.

That ſhort brown ſhaft ſae meanly trimm'd
Looks like poor Scotland's geir,
But dreadful ſeims the ruſty poynt!
And loud he leugh in jeir
Aft Britons blude has dimm'd its ſhyne
This point cut ſhort their vaunt;

Syne pierc'd the boaſter's bairded chiek,
Nae time he took to taunt.

XXXV.

Short while he in his ſaddle ſwang,
His ſtirrip was nae ſtay,
Sae feible hang his unbent knee,
Sure taken he was fey:
Swith on the hardened clay he fell,
Right far was heard the thud,
But Thomas look'd not as he lay
All walt'ring in his blude.

XXXVI.

With cairleſs geſture, mynd unmov'd,
On raid he north the plain,
His ſeim in thrang of fierceſt ſtryſe,
When winner ay the ſame;
Nor yet his heart dames dipeik,
Coud meiſe faſt love to bruik,
Till vengful Ann return'd his ſcorn,
Then languid grew his look.

XXXVII.

In thrawis of death, with wallowit cheik
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corpſe of wariors lay,
Neir to aryſe again
Neir to return to native land,
Nae mair with blythſome ſounds
To boaſt the glories of the day,
And ſhaw their ſhining wounds.

XXXVIII.

On Norwy's coaſt the widow'd dame
May waſh the rocks with tears,
May lang look owre the ſhipleſs ſeis,
Before hir mate appears
Ceiſe, Emma, ceiſe to hope in vain,
Thy lord lyis in the clay,
The valiant Scots nae revers thole
To carry life away.

XXXIX.

There on a lie wair ſtands a croſs,
Set up for monument,
Thouſands full fierce that ſummer's day
Fill'd keen waris black intent.
Let Scots while Scots praiſe Hardyknute,
Let Norſe the name ay dreid;
Ay how he faught, aft how ſpaird,
Sal lateſt ages reid.

XL.

Loud and chill blew weſtlin wind,
Sair beat the heavy ſhowir,
Mirk grew the night e'er Hardyknute
Wan neir his ſtately towir;
His tower that us'd with torches bleiſe,
To ſhyne ſae far at night,
Seem'd now as black as mourning weid,
Nae mervil ſair he feight.

XLI.

There's nae light in my lady's bowir,
There's nae light in my Hall!
Nae blink ſhines round my Fairly fair,
Nor Warp ſtands on my wall.
What bodes it? Robert, Thomas ſay,
Nae anſwer fits their dreid.
Stand back, my ſons, I'll be your guide,
But by they paſt with ſpeid.

As faſt as I haef ſped o'er Scotland's faes.
Their ceiſt his brag of weir,
Seir ſham'd to mynd ought but his dame
And maiden Fairly fair,
Black fear he felt, but what to fear,
He wiſt not yet with dreid;
Sair ſhook his body, fair his limbs,
And all the warriors fled.

* * * * * * *

The Braes of Yarrow.

Busk ye buſk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Buſk ye buſk ye my winſome marrow
Buſk ye buſk ye my bonny bonny bride,
And let us leave the braes of Yarrow.

Where got ye that bonny bonny bride,
Where got ye that winſome marrow
I got her where I durſt not well be ſeen
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not weep not, my winſome marrow
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why does ſhe weep thy bonny bonny bride,
Why does ſhe weep thy winſome marrow
And why dare ye nae mair well be ſeen
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Lang muſt ſhe weep lang muſt ſhe, muſt ſhe weep
Lang muſt ſhe weep with dole and ſorrow
And lang muſt I nae mair well be ſeen
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

For ſhe has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear the cauſe of ſorrow;
And I have ſlain the comelieſt ſwain
That ever pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy ſtream' O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of ſorrow,
And why yon melancholious weeds,
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flood?
What's yonder floats? O dole and ſorrow!
O 'tis the comely ſwain I ſlew
Upon the dolefu braes of Yarrow.

Waſh, O waſh his wounds, his wounds in tears
His wounds in tears of dole and ſorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build ye ſiſters, ſiſters ſad,
Ye ſiſters ſad his tomb with ſorrow,
And weep around in woful wiſe
His helpleſs fate on the braes of Yarrow.

Curſe ye, curſe ye his uſeleſs uſeleſs ſhield,
My arm that wrought the deed of ſorrow,
The fatal ſpear that pierc'd his breaſt,
His comely breaſt on the braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warm thee not to, not to love
And warm from ſight but to my ſorrow,
Too raſhly bold a ſtronger arm
Thou mett'eſt, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet ſmells the birk, green grows green grows the graſs,
Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow ſweet, as ſweet, as ſweet flows Tweed,
As green its graſs its gowan as yellow
As ſweet ſmells on its braes the birk,
The apple from its rocks as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love,
In flow'ry bands thou didſt him ſetter;
Tho' he was fair, and well belov'd again,
Than me he never lov'd thee better.

Buſk ye; then buſk my bonny bonny bride,
Buſk ye then buſk my winſome marrow
Buſk ye, and loe me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

How can I buſk a bonny bonny bride,
  How can I buſk a winſome marrow,
How loe him on the banks of Tweed,
  That ſlew my love on the braes of Yarrow?

On Yarrow fields, may never never rain,
  Nor dew thy tender bloſſoms cover,
For there was vilely kill'd my love,
  My love as he'd not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green
  His purple veſt 'twas my awn ſewing,
Ah! wretched me, I little, little knew,
  He was in theſe to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white ſteed,
  Unheedful of my dole and ſorrow,
But ere the tooſal of the night,
  He lay a corpſe on the braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that woful, woful day,
  I ſung, my voice the woods returning;
But lang ere night the ſpear was flown
  That ſlew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
  But with his cruel rage purſue me?
My lover's blood is on thy ſpear;
  How canſt thou barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy ſiſters may be, may be proud,
  With cruel and ungentle ſcoffing,
May bid me ſeek on Yarrow's braes
  My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid.
  And ſtrive with threatning words to move me;
My lover's blood is on thy ſpear;
  How canſt thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal ſheet my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids the door,
Let in the expected huſband lover.

But who the expected huſband, huſband is?
His hands methinks, are bath'd in ſlaughter.
Ah me! what ghaſtly ſpectre's yon,
Come in his pale ſhroud bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff theſe bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with yellow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet beſt, yet beſt belov'd,
O could my warmth to life reſtore thee;
Yet ly all night between my breaſts,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely youth!
Forgive, forgive ſo foul a ſlaughter,
And ly all night between my breaſts,
No youth ſhall ever ly thereafter.

Return, return, O mournful bride,
Return and dry thy uſeleſs ſorrow,
Thy lover heeds nought of thy ſighs,
He lies a corpſe on the braes of Yarrow.

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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